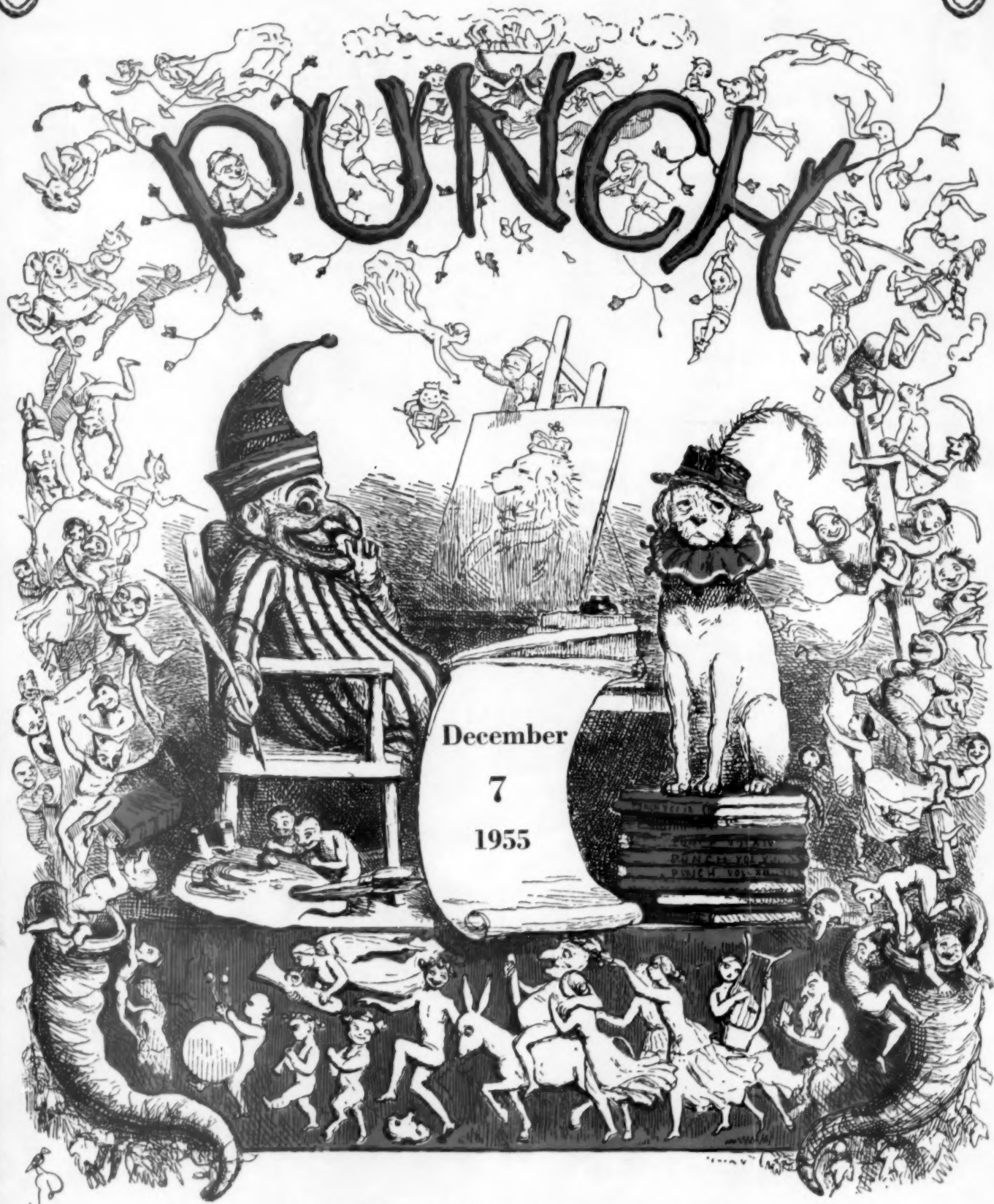


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—December 7 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



Husbandry in the bedroom

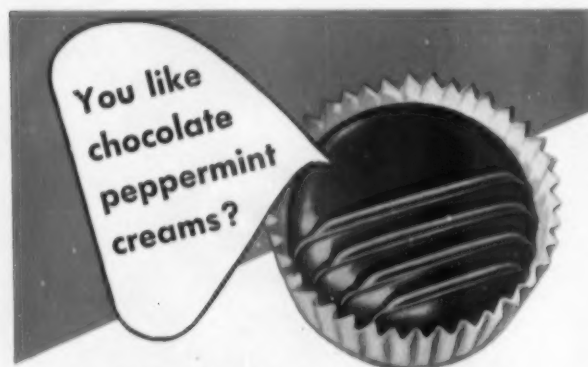
Every woman likes, and deserves, a little cossetting. Apart from things which a man should know by instinct, there are the minor gestures of thoughtfulness.

The bringing of a nightcap for instance... and what could be more welcome than a 'Myers' and milk? Good for husbands too!

WIGGAS
SCOTLEY

**MAKE
MINE
MYERS**

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM . PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN JAMAICA
HCH6618



Here's a whole, big boxful
of nothing but—by **Tobler**

Tobler Chocolate Peppermint Creams. For the connoisseur. For the devotee. For the addict. Ask for Tobler. They are the finest Chocolate Peppermint Creams you can buy.

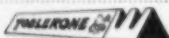
Ask for

Tobler

**CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT
CREAMS**



MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE



FOR MEN OF CHRISTMAS IN ACTION

Some men like a nap after noon at Christmas. Some like a nip before it. But to make all men feel more nippy, less floppy, more snappy and altogether very happy—present them with a coffret of quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. For a gift to ensure goodwill towards the giver, there's nothing like it.



a gift of
quiet perfect grooming



is a Christmas time with many variations. We show here three superb coffrets ranging in price from 14/3 to 39/-

by

Lenthéric



Other items include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Briliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and Composite packs. You can spend as little as 4/9, or as much as 84/6

from selected stockists and

17 OLD BOND STREET LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

Pedigree... performance and style



Famous rally performance and reliability proved over the world's stiffest courses, easy handling in exhausting traffic, luxury seating and styling—that's your Sunbeam Mark III, now more elegant than ever in its new two-tone colour schemes.

£835 (P.T. £418.17.0) (Overdrive, White-wall Tyres and Overriders available as extras.)

See the Sunbeam's rally-winning pedigree!

- 1953** Sunbeam wins 4 *Coupe des Alpes*, and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, the Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1954** The Supreme Award, Gold Cup and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1955** The Outright Winner plus the *Coupe des Dames* and l'Equipe Cup (Best three cars same make) in the Monte Carlo.

Sunbeam MK III

SPORTS SALOON

Outright winner of the Monte Carlo Rally

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



It's a bright idea . . . to give Swan Brand this Christmas!

There's something for everyone in the Swan Brand range of electrical products — something that will always look right and be right, made with traditional quality to give a lifetime's service. From all good electrical dealers and stores.



Toasters

A smart, practical toaster, beautifully finished in light bronze with black base and chromium plated top. Toasts two slices at once and turns them over on opening and shutting the doors. A.C./D.C. Mains.

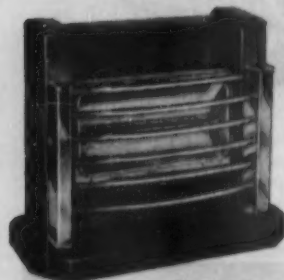
Price 32/6
(Plus P.T.)



Kettles

The attractive 'Royal' kettle makes a very welcome gift. Quick-pouring spout, heat-insulated handle, automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains. Capacities 2-5 pints. Prices from 66/-

(Plus P.T.)



Electric Fires

Attractive modern portable fires. 'Woodstock' 1 kw. 115/1, 2 kw. 176/3. Gold or satin silver finish, black base, chromium plated guards. Latest safety guards on all fires.



Percolators

The 'Mayfair' percolator is finished in chromium plate on copper. Black heat-resisting handle. Almost instant percolation, visible through glass inset in lid. Automatic safety device. A.C./D.C. Mains.

Price 105/-
(Plus P.T.)



In the home for a LIFETIME

Bulfinch & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18

11-10, 350

**Give me
NUGGET**

Because...

IT OUTSHINES ALL
OTHERS

NUGGET BLACK IS
BLACKER

THE NEW DARK
BROWN IS RICHER

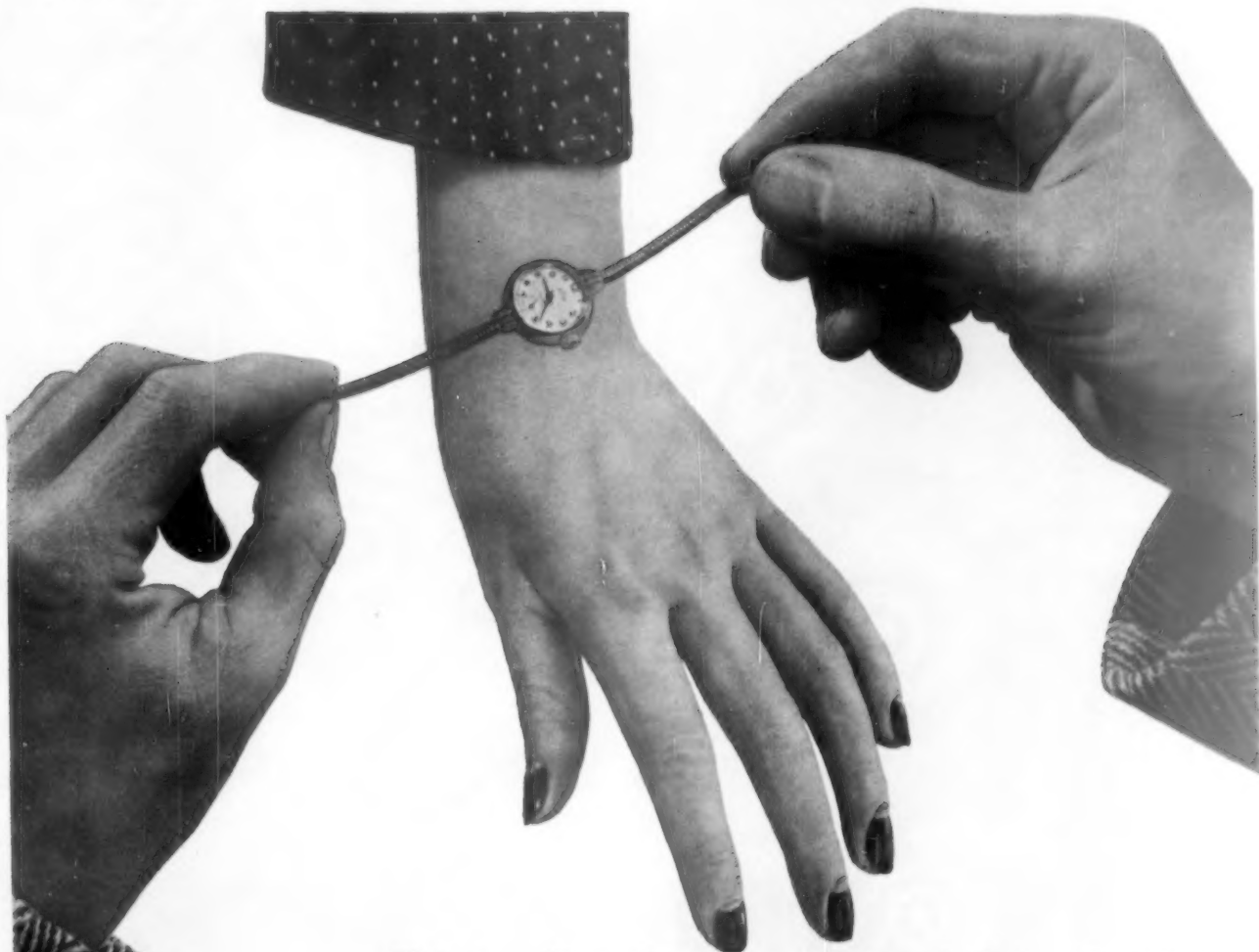
You can rely on NUGGET

*It's lovely -
Grants*

Welcome Always - keep it Handy

Grants
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S Sweet - SPORTSMAN'S (Higher Strength) - Extra Dry



The Unforgettable Gift



B.531
15 jewel, 9 ct.
gold watch and
snake bracelet. In
attractive pres-
entation case.
28 gns.



A.358
17 jewel, gold-
plated watch
with black dial
A.352 with silver
dial. £12.10.0.

For her... or for him... Britain's finest watch. True in its time-keeping as the sentiment behind the gift and beautifully designed to flatter cultured tastes. A Smiths de Luxe, the watch that has won man's approval under stern conditions... at Everest, and on all major expeditions. Smiths de Luxe watches have PERMALIFE unbreakable mainsprings and the movements are unconditionally guaranteed for one year. Sold exclusively by Jewellers from £8.19.6 to £63.0.0. Write for free illustrated brochure.

A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

*The prices quoted are pre Autumn budget
and subject to increased Purchase Tax.*



Give a gay gift -
Give *Sharps*




equal shares - remember!

No need to pass them round, Mummy
and I have a tin of our own. So you
can tuck in to your heart's content.
Yes, they're Sharps' - I know
they're your favourites.

Sharps

SWEETS FOR CHRISTMAS



EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD., OF MAIDSTONE, KENT
"The Toffee Specialists"



Give a gay gift -
Give *Sharps*

between the two of you

When the party's over
it's time to relax.
Time to dip into that charming
tin of Sharps' toffees - such a
friendly Christmassy gift.

Sharps

TOFFEES FOR CHRISTMAS




EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD., OF MAIDSTONE, KENT
"The Toffee Specialists"



I say
SCOTCH
is the drink

Yes, says the Hostess,
For my Christmas parties,
I know Scotch is the drink
And, of course . . .

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
is the Scotch

- it never varies

36/- a Bottle 10/9 Half-Bottle
9/9 Qtr. Bottle 3/9 Midget
As fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association



Wives of SUCCESSFUL MEN HAVE PRESTIGE

Take a peep into the kitchen of any woman whose husband has made his mark in his chosen profession. More often than not you'll find 'Prestige' housewares there. And the reason's not far to seek! These beautiful and practical products are the obvious choice of people for whom only the best will do.



Prestige

WALL-TYPE CAN OPENER

A built-in magnet holds can-lids clear of can contents! The cutting wheels are of tempered steel for effortless cutting and long-lasting wear. When not in use the opener folds flat against the wall. 39/6.
Standard Model is also available without magnet. 30/-

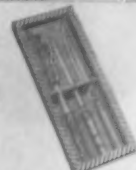
From all good stores and ironmongers



'PRESTIGE' SET OF KITCHEN TOOLS. Gift packed. 105/-.



'PRESTIGE' IMPERIAL FOOD MIXER. Whips egg whites stiff in 25 seconds. 30/6d.



'PRESTIGE' GOURMET CARVING SET. Hollow ground Carver for easy sharpening. 46/6d.

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THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEWARES

Asprey



—make Christmas giving a fine art

Pure wool travelling rug in blue faced with grey. Other colours in stock.
£12. 12. 0



Air weight suitcase in coach hide leather. Size 25" x 17" x 6 1/2".
£27. 10. 0



Shooting stick with spring loaded shaft for additional comfort.
£7. 2. 6

"Zip" Fastening 14" travelling bag in red leather. Lined moiré.
£14. 7. 6

Sling case in coach hide leather and accessories for tea or luncheon.
£7. 18. 6



Light-weight dressing case in hide leather with silver mounted "featherweight" unbreakable fittings. Size 21 1/2" x 14 1/2" x 6". Weight 8 1/2 lb. £242. 10. 0



Make-up case in Luxan hide leather with set of plastic bottles and jars. Plastic divided tray.
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Write for Christmas Catalogue to:—

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THE R.E.A.L. PLINTH LIGHT
Pat. No. 659,876

These beautiful Plinths are finished in a choice of Pastel Cream, Gilt Lustre, Eggshell Black, Pastel Blue or Pastel Rose enamel. Each Plinth is supplied with shockproof porcelain lampholder, heavy pressed glass diffusing plate and three yards of flexible cord.



STILL AT
PRE-BUDGET
PRICES

The R.E.A.L. STANDARD PLINTH.
11 1/2 in. diam. at base
36/9 Tax Paid

The R.E.A.L. JUNIOR PLINTH.
8 1/2 in. diam. at base
28/- Tax Paid

MOST GOOD ELECTRICAL AND RADIO
STORES CAN SUPPLY

Issued by Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., R.E.A.L. Works, BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

TO MAKE IT QUITE CLEAR!

The gift of a R.E.A.L. Plinth Light will introduce your friends to a new conception of televising... restful and far less exacting to the eyes, without interfering with the brightness of the picture on the screen. It will, too, add a delightful form of decoration to any room, and provide economical subdued lighting for halls, corridors and stairways — for it requires only a 15-watt lamp.

THE R.E.A.L. PLINTH LIGHT

Pat. No. 659,876

'THERMALUX' WARMTH



A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

What could be better than a THERMALUX - for over 20 years the best in bed-time luxury.

5 MODELS

"Junior" to full D.B. size
Prices from £6. 6. 6.

TWO YEARS GUARANTEE

Sold by good stores and Electrical dealers.

In case of difficulty, write to the Makers (Dept. P) for free descriptive folder.

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ELECTRIC HEATED
MATTRESS OVERLAY

Made and guaranteed by
THERMALUX ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS LTD.,
HALL STREET, HALIFAX, Yorks.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT



MOTOLUXE *Model 'YVONNE'*

This most luxurious Fur Fabric coat is made from soft Alpaca fleece shorn from the Llama. Skillfully embossed or in plain materials, there is a choice of rich shades ... all exclusive to Motoluxe. Full or three-quarter length, Motoluxe Coats are notable for their warmth, lightness and superb wearing qualities. They are a delight to own. All genuine "Motoluxe" Coats bear this label.



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MOTOLUXE RUGS & FOOTMUFFS
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*Rugs are now free of Purchase Tax.

Write or call for name of nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers
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GET AHEAD IN THE NEW



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- * Fitted with automatic choke, automatic starter and the AUTOMATIC CLUTCH (optional extra) which does away with clutch pedal!
- * Improved interior trim and general appearance.
- * Average petrol consumption 50 m.p.g.—a penny a mile!
- * Four doors for extra convenience.
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- * Removable cylinder liners with replacement sets of pistons and liners at £7.15.0.

Contact our nearest agent for a demonstration ride and let this brilliant 1956 '750' show you its paces.

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Manufacturers in Great Britain since 1899. Distributors throughout the United Kingdom, all of whom carry full stocks of spare parts

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and the more
PLAYER'S No. 3 the merrier!



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C.B.E., M.C., D.L., F.R.S.E., LL.D.,
was elected M.P. for South Edinburgh in 1945. He was born in 1885 and after leaving Edinburgh University trained for business in Edinburgh and London. Worked in Ceylon and Australia before the first World War—in which he won the M.C. and bar as well as being mentioned in despatches. In a long and active business career he has found time to play a prominent part in local government (as well as at Westminster) and to publish many books. Lives, appropriately, in Princes Street, Edinburgh.

"My Daily Mail"

by *SIR WILLIAM DARLING*

THERE must be some who to-day bought the Daily Mail for the first time and—if their experience is as mine has been—they have before them a long period of lively interest, information and instruction. It must be fifty years ago when first I bought the Daily Mail—it was then a roaring lively infant in Fleet Street.

And it had something to say—that has been its quality ever since. It has always been able to tell the story, and tell it well!

My views on many things have changed, but over all the years I have had them challenged—or confirmed

—but always informed—by what the Daily Mail had to say.

As one grows older, one thinks that most things are not as good as they were—but I am inclined to think that the Daily Mail to-day is better than it was! Its new presentation—its typographical excellence—and, for me, its admirable first-column front page leading article—make it not the least important event of days, when much that is important presents itself.

To salute an old friend—to hail a good companion—to welcome an old friend and a good companion freshly every morning—these are comfortable things and they come to me with every issue of the Daily Mail."



Even Santa's had
the most heavenly
shave on earth...

ERASMIC

for Christmas Shaving Comfort!

They're merry gentlemen indeed who discover the comfort and joy of an Erasmic shave. Whether it's Erasmic stick or lather cream, bowl or brushless, there's the same blissful comfort spreading peace and goodwill between razor and skin.

STICK Rethi 1/2½ Holder 2/-

LATHER CREAM
Tube 2/5 Jar 3/2

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Also gay
Christmas Specials!
Erasmic Bowl in a
handsome embossed box 5/0
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dressed for Christmas 2/-



BRUSHLESS CREAM
Tube 2/2 Jar 3/3

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A new gin for that extra special occasion

BURROUGH'S Extra Dry



Here is a gin that is as different from an ordinary gin as Champagne is from an ordinary sparkling wine. Try it neat and see. Roll it round your tongue and savour its fine flavour, its velvet mellowness. Or try it in your favourite cocktail.

You pay a little more for this De Luxe gin, but you get immeasurably greater pleasure. Ask your Wine Merchant. Price — 35/6 a bottle.



JAMES BURROUGH LTD., RUTTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E. 11. DISTILLERS OF DISTINCTION SINCE 1888

Pourquoi mon oncle WHY IS MY UNCLE

grimpe-t-il dans la
CLIMBING UP THE

cheminée? C'est parce qu'il
CHIMNEY? BECAUSE HE



désire une bouteille
DESIRES A BOTTLE

de Dubonnet du Père Noël
OF DUBONNET FROM FATHER CHRISTMAS

et veut que toutes les
AND IS LEAVING

chances soient de son côté.
NOTHING TO CHANCE.

To all whose minds are dwelling on the giving, receiving, opening and tilting of bottles, we recommend Dubonnet as the finest possible Christmas buy. When friends drop in and the clans gather, Dubonnet at 20/- a large bottle makes festivity very feasible. See your wine merchant now.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., 27, ALBANS, HERTS.



CHEAT THE SHIVERS

Elegantly



When the wind whips and the frost nips, cheat the shivers in a cosy, elegant overcoat by Drescott.

The Drescott range includes all types of coats, suitable for any occasion. Good men's shops throughout the country stock them in a variety of tweeds, Meltons and Saxonies, and in a wide range of fittings.

You'll recognise the retailer by the Drescott showcard in his window; but, should you fail to find him, please drop us a line and we will gladly send you his name and address.

An announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD.
of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester




More and more men are wearing the **MORLEY CAPTAIN** sock



It's easy to see why more and more men prefer Morley Captain socks. They wear so well, they're so comfortable and such good value. Made from pure wool in a wide range of colours — every pair reinforced with nylon at heel and toe and guaranteed not to shrink. And for those who like an extra long sock, there's the garter-top Captain — 7/6d.

6/6
A PAIR

Always look for the name

MORLEY 

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GETTING DOWN TO EARTH

The specialist is often portrayed as having his head in the clouds — but when it comes to righting industrial lubrication wrongs, the Esso Lubrication Specialist always adopts a down-to-earth attitude.

With our panel of specialists working on your lubrication problem, the sky's the limit.

They are always ready to drop in and offer expert advice and recommendations on the correct lubricant for *your* machinery.

If you are interested
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No charge of course — it's part of the Esso service.



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"The Flexible Flyer"

Super toboggan that promises a wealth of fun for the family — a wonderful Christmas gift for the youngsters. American made, it has steel safety runners and super steering system.

4' long. £8.2.0



Also available:

English made sledge similar to above. £3.19.6

Swiss luge pattern with strong wooden frame and metal runners.

37" long £3.9.6; 45" long £4.14.0

Warning! Don't wait until it snows before ordering.

Lillywhites ESTD 1890

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1 • EDINBURGH and BOURNEMOUTH



**'Pantene' hair
is healthy hair**

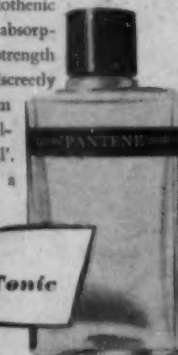
People on the Continent have a name for healthy hair—'PANTENE'. Now it is Britain's headline news, also: the first-ever deep penetration Vitamin Hair Tonic containing Panthenol, a factor of the Vitamin B complex. Research shows that Pantothenic acid, into which Panthenol is converted upon absorption in the scalp, is essential to hair health, strength and growth. 'Pantene' is stimulating, discreetly perfumed, refreshing; costs 16s. 6d. from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. Available both 'with oil' and 'without oil'. Ask your Hairdresser for a 'Pantene' friction.

New Vitamin Hair Tonic

'PANTENE'



Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., Aldershot, Hants



'Pantene' contains Panthenol

This is the bottle to look for...

Discerning hosts can offer their guests no better drink than Scotch Whisky—especially when it's "Black & White." This fine Scotch has a smooth mellow flavour and extra quality all its own.



'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY

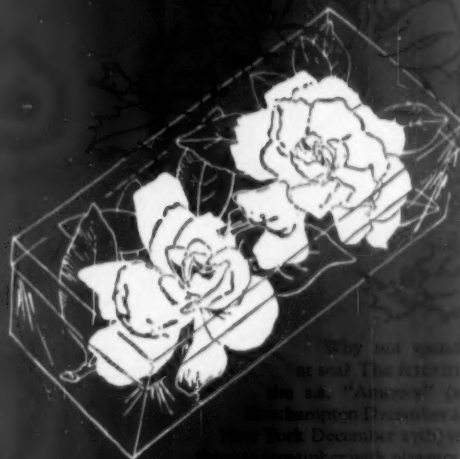
By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers



to Her Majesty the Queen
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



The U.S.A.
is
50 feet
from
Europe



Why not spend Christmas
on board The American on board
the s.s. "America" (sailing from
Southampton December 10th, arriving
New York December 27th) and be with
your family with pleasure all your life.



She's enjoying her first really American drink—
mixed as only an American barman knows how.

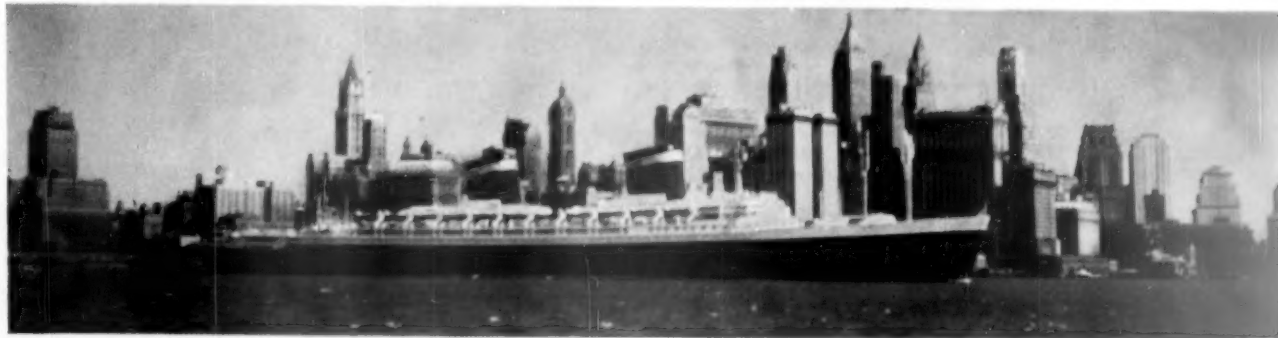
50 FEET between Europe and the U.S.A.? That's
what we said. Step across the 50-foot gangway at Southampton
and onto the Blue Riband s.s. "United States," or the beautiful
s.s. "America," and you are *in* the U.S.A.

A few days of comfort and good living in the best tradi-
tion are all that lie between you and New York. The food and wines are of unsurpassed
excellence. There are swimming pools, deck games, dancing every night to superb Meyer
Davis bands, and the latest movies (the "United States" is equipped with CinemaScope
in First, Cabin and Tourist Class theatres). But, of course, the choice is yours; it's just as
easy to rest and relax if you prefer.

You travel fast, yet there's never any sense of hurry. Your fare is payable in sterling
and there are dollar-credits available for your expenses on board.

United States Lines

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR UNITED STATES LINES, 50 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1 · 7 THE STRAND, LIVERPOOL





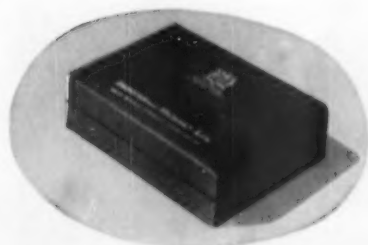
Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in red velvet box, 100 for 22/6.

BENSON and HEDGES

*Christmas
Gift Packs*

There is always a very particular pleasure in selecting a gift which represents the best of its kind.

It is an established tradition with Benson and Hedges that only the finest of fine tobaccos and supreme care in the making can provide cigarettes worthy of occasions, such as Christmas, when only the best will do.



Benson and Hedges No. 9 Cigarettes in shagreen finished box, 100 for 25/-, 200 for 50/-.



Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in Presentation packs 100 for 20/5 or 50 for 10/2½.



—and for all the year round Benson and Hedges Cigarettes in the famous red tin 20 for 4/1.

BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W

W.D.W.

Be smart...be sure...

give **TOOTAL**



*A TOOTAL Cravat — 7/11



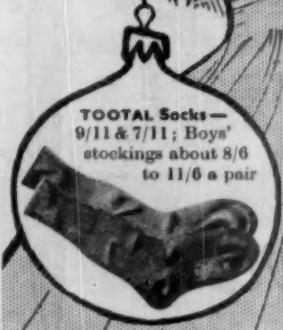
*TOOTAL Ties — From 3/3 to 5/11



*A TOOTAL Dressing Gown — £4. 5. 0



*A TOOTAL Scarf — 12/6



TOOTAL Socks — 9/11 & 7/11; Boys' stockings about 8/6 to 11/6 a pair



Pyramid handkerchiefs — For men 2/3 to 2/11 For women 1/9 to 2/-

Everything TOOTAL makes carries the TOOTAL guarantee of satisfaction.

But you get the thanks. Clever girl!

* Marked THERMILIZED for heated crease-resistance.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 26 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1

Evening Wear



Ready-tailored dinner suits and tails for Sale or Hire

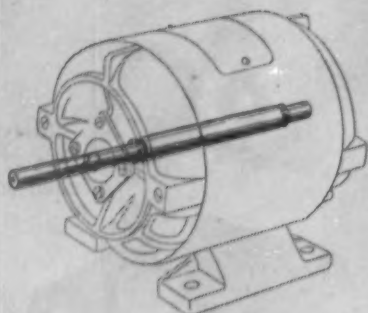


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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

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QUALITY STEELS FOR
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING



hard shaft steel
for
electric motors

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TO HIRE A CAR
FROM ROOTES!"



- Humber and Hillman chauffeur driven or self-drive limousines or saloons.
- Clients met at dock or airport.
- Lowest winter tariff.

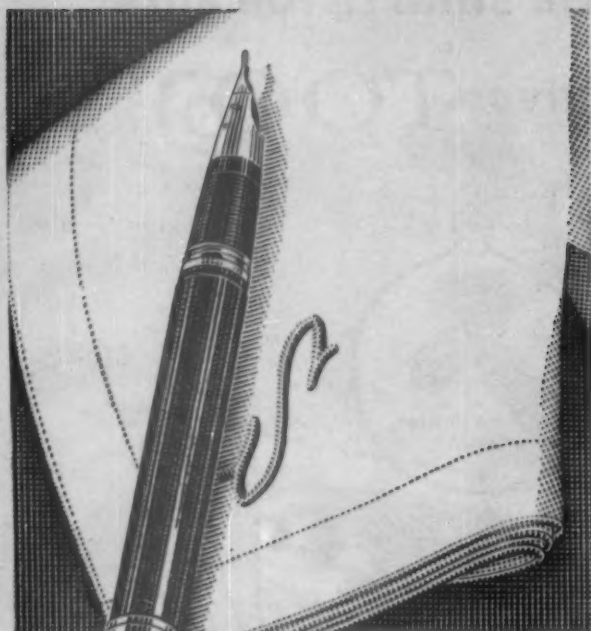
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Give
the finest pen
In the world

Its name is Sheaffer. Treaties are signed with it. So are five-year film contracts. And the sort of cheques that hang framed in the Chairman's office. People whose names are as familiar to you as your own sign them with a Sheaffer. And all because the Sheaffer belongs to that way of living in which the best is only just good enough.

Go to the best pen counter you know. Hold a Sheaffer in your hand and you'll agree it looks the part with its slender silhouette, its unique tubular nib, its near-incredible Sheaffer 'Snorkel'.* Feel how smoothly it glides as you write 'To wish you a very happy Christmas'... and then you'll wonder who can be persuaded to give you a Sheaffer for Christmas too.

pneumatic filler

A flick of a finger—instantaneous filling on the downstroke. Cleans, flushes itself automatically.

*the world-famous Sheaffer Snorkel

Wiping nib, wiping barrel, a thing of the past! Snorkel tube reaches down, drinks the ink, retracts!

14-carat gold feather-touch point

A marvel of delicate precision and strength

matching sets

'Ensembles'—pen and pencil; 'threesomes'—pen, pencil and ballpoint. In handsome gift cases.

Skrip

The finest ink for the finest pens.

Sheaffer's

Sheaffer's Snorkel pens from
£3. 7. 6 to 9 guineas

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. (England) Ltd., Barnet Herts.
Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada, Australia.





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Probably only a jeweller could tell, without opening it, that this is a very good watch. The machining of the waterproof stainless steel case bears minute inspection. But the woman who buys it will be paying, not for the case, but the movement, and a movement of this standard *cannot* be made cheaply. She will buy it because in her responsible life she can't be bothered with a watch she can't trust. She will find this Baume very accurate and absolutely dependable over a great many years.

BAUME

the good watch



Ref: 521. 17 jewels. Centre seconds. Shock absorbent. Anti-magnetic. Waterproof. In stainless steel case £17. 15. 0. Gold case extra.

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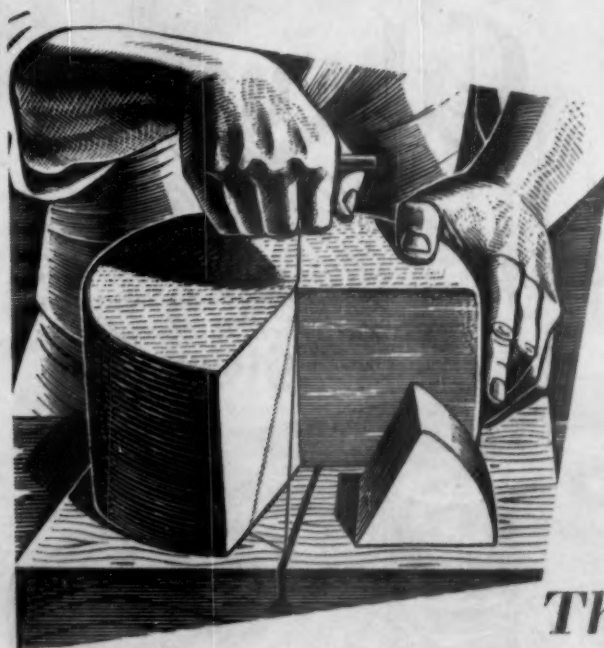
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★ Most people realise the need for Fire Insurance, but these days it is essential that your insurance is comprehensive and for the full value. The business man must consider his loss of earnings as well as material damage, and the householder the furnishing as well as the provision of a new home.

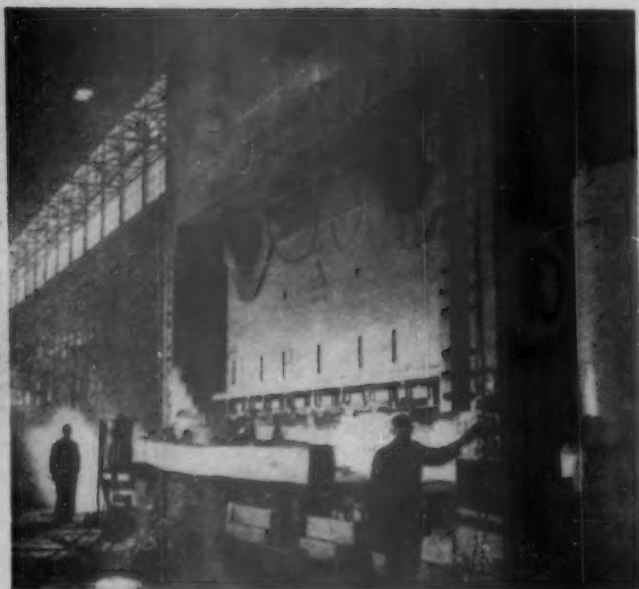
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If you've got a job in the offing that entails a lot of press work, quick assembly, something really outstanding in the matter of welding, or a mixture of all three, remember

★ We have a mechanical press capacity from 10 to 2000 tons with bed lengths up to 25 feet and a hydraulic press capacity of 50 to 1650 tons.

★ We have up to 25 acres of available assembly space staffed and equipped ready to handle anything from washing machines to heavy road and rail vehicles.

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JOSEPH SANKEY AND SONS LTD., HADLEY CASTLE WORKS, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE



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service
underwear*

Freedom of movement is essential: Chilprufe's soft, close-knit fabric does not restrict nor chafe. Freedom from colds and chills is even more important: Chilprufe's finest Pure Wool Underwear offers unrivalled all-weather protection. And to set the seal of perfection on this most desirable of underwear, there is lasting comfort, fit, and immaculate appearance.

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*"Beauty, Firmness and Convenience
are the principles"*



— Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723)



If ARCHITECTURAL VALUES CHANGE with the centuries, architectural principles don't. Some of the basic concepts of Wren are curiously applicable to modern office blocks, factories and other large buildings constructed with Wallspan outer walls.

Employing new materials, Wallspan brings a happy atmosphere of light and air into workplaces and schools. It also gives rare beauty and colour to facades, as well as fantastic speed in their construction.

What Wallspan is. The weight of a modern building is borne entirely by the structural frame: the outer walls are simply protective and decorative. Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, which is bolted to the weight-carrying frame. Into it go windows and doors.

Wallspan Beauty. The Wallspan grid is completed with any of a vast range of beautiful panellings faced in glass, stone, metal or other material—giving your architect striking opportunity for freshness and colour in design—giving you a building to be proud of.

Wallspan Firmness. Wallspan walls lose nothing in strength or durability by being light and bright. A Wallspan wall is as durable, stable and weatherproof as walls of traditional materials. It offers, in fact, more—not less—internal protection, since you can have panelling which gives up to 50 per cent. better insulation against cold—or heat—than cavity brick walls.

Wallspan Convenience. Wallspan affords altogether new standards of convenience. The grid members are so light that one man can handle them. So simple to erect that multi-story walls go up in days. So sensible that no painting or pointing-up is ever needed. Your window cleaners can keep Wallspan walls clean.

Finally, owing to its slim section, Wallspan can give you extra rentable floor space round every floor of a completed building whose human occupants enjoy a wonderful sense of airiness and freedom.

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Take a good look at the good looks of the new Vauxhalls. The wide-view panoramic rear window and the slimmer wind-screen pillars are new. New too are the glossier finishes — in a wider-than-ever range of single colours, plus, on the Cresta, distinctive duotones alternated to give a three-colour effect. (See illustration.)

Other 1956 features include tubeless tyres, new and better brakes, new door-locks and window-winding mechanism, nylon upholstery options on some models, and many touches of refinement and detail.

With all these extra features, Vauxhall value is greater than ever. Room for six and all their luggage. Outstanding performance with good economy in the 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta. Outstanding economy with quite surprising performance in the 4-cylinder Wyvern. Four-figure engineering at three-figure prices—purchase tax included! Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to show you the new models and to explain the delivery position.

WYVERN: £510 plus £256.7.0 pr VELOX: £560 plus £281.7.0 pr
CRESTA: £620 plus £311.7.0 pr

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Ah!

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SANDEMAN "AMONTILLADO"
medium dry 20/- per bottle
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No more sopping wet hats which drip all over the place and are so messy to dry out **THANKS TO**

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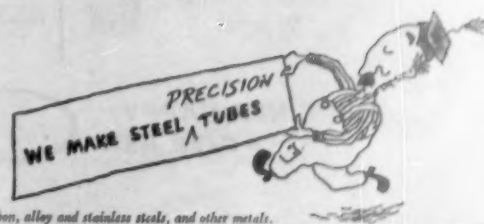
Accles & Pollock lead the progressive movement in Bourdon tubing

The world is divided into two schools on Bourdon tubing. A lot of people don't know anything about it, and couldn't care less, while a few know a lot about it, and care very much. Accles & Pollock (admittedly biased) belong to the second school, where, in order to provide for greater sensitivity and accuracy of control in delicate scientific instruments, they work at very high pressures and register even fractions of degrees.

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Cheer up chaps- all girls like perfume!



PROBLEM. What sort of kit's a chap to give a girl for Christmas. Not just any girl. *The girl.*

Well, girls differ, and a good thing too. But *they all like perfume.* Not just any perfume. *Coty perfume.*

Now Coty perfumes, like girls, come in all shapes and sizes. And types. So what you have to do is match the perfume to the girl. Like this.



*Girls like men
who know that girls like*

Coty

She's sort of...

TERRIFIC?

Give her
L'AIMANT

The perfume
of magnetism.



DIFFERENT?

Give her
L'ORIGAN

The golden
aristocrat of perfume.



OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD?

Give her
METEOR

The starry perfume.



HAPPY-GO-LUCKY?

Give her lucky
MUGUET des Bois

True fragrance of the
Lily-of-the-Valley.



FUN?

Give her
PARIS

Because it's so gay.
So sweet.



UNPREDICTABLE?

Give her
CHYPRE

Perfume of
incredible appeal.



**MAKE HER HAPPY
-GIVE HER**

Coty

Parfums de luxe



LAST week's Parliamentary events in France left British students a little bewildered, wondering why M. Faure, not content with winning four votes of confidence, forced a fifth, lost it, and was entitled by this defeat to insist on an election which nobody else wanted. It is nevertheless important to try to grasp the meaning of it all, if only in preparation for the sterner intellectual challenge ahead—the four-yearly struggle to make any sense whatsoever of the American electoral scene.

Time for Consumer Resistance

FROM America comes an alarming story. The Frozen Food Division of Stokely-Van-Camp, Inc., advertisers on U.S. television networks of the "Pict-sweet" Product, received in recent correspondence from admiring viewers a letter from a parakeet owner: this announced that the bird, after seeing the programme only twice, was going about the house cheeping "Pictsweet, Pict-sweet, Pictsweet." It is not to be expected that the advertising profession, on either side of the Atlantic, will fail to see the limitless possibilities in this new and promising form of indoctrination. Any time now the sky may become darkened with budgerigars and



other winged articulators, screaming deodorants and mineral-waters. Sailors will be murdered for their parrots. Unscrupulous sparrow-hawk fanciers, employed by rival advertisers, will loose their avenging forces. Parakeets taken prisoner will be brain-washed and reflowed crying "Klearskin Toilet Soap Means Instant Eczema." And in

AA

London the crowds will flock to starling-infested buildings to enjoy the blessed relief of bird-song without words.

Earth-bathing, Anybody?

THE atom, thought by some to be getting a little above itself lately, was taken down a peg last week by Professor Pryce of Bristol University. It is *not* capable, said the Professor, of setting the world on fire. This comes as a relief to those worriers who have been expecting the earth to incandesce into another sun any minute, its rôle in the universe reduced to that of a factor in the sales of dark glasses and calamine lotion on the beaches of the moon.

Something Attempted

BARELY noticed, faith in the efficacy of the round-table talk, whether national, international or merely industrial, is oozing away. When the Bonn meetings



attempting conciliation in the Ruhr wages dispute were reported as "unsuccessful but not wholly useless" the reaction of the ordinary reader was that they'd been well worth it.

In Touch

BOOKSTALLS are so weighed down with reading nowadays that not everyone may have seen a recent issue of the *Funeral Service Journal*. This includes, among other interesting matter, a paragraph of Australian news headed "Greetings from Down Under."

Life is Real

HERR ULBRICHT, head of East Berlin's Communist Party, has decreed that

schoolchildren must stop "the unplanned playing of ring-a-ring o' roses." The reason given is that the children must instead take part in "combative types of mass sport." Also, of course, it may stop them from making spectacles of themselves in later life by having flower garlands dropped over their heads by gaudily-dressed elephants in New Delhi and Burmese beauty queens in Rangoon.

Worked Up

THERE was a good deal of fervent language last week, what with Marshal Bulganin in India, General Dibrova in



east Berlin and Archbishop Makarios in Cyprus. And talk of "a terrible problem," of "evil," of "ruin," "appeasers" and "guilty men" came well into line—during a discussion of the new Oxford road plan.

Distant Drum

When a reception and tea party was given in the House of Commons for visiting Russian scientists most of those present spoke French, says a report, though one M.P. rose to the occasion and made a speech in Russian. A day or two later seismographs everywhere spoke the language understood by all.

Jungle War

SECURITY forces in Malaya have not decided how best to implement the high-up policy, just announced, that new top pressure offensives are to be launched against the country's 3,500 Communist terrorists "although the Government's amnesty offer will remain in force." The problem is whether to

challenge first, then shoot, shoot first, then challenge, or simply leave it to the court-martial to give a firm ruling.

Not Decadent

"THE whole thing," explained a British woman, interviewed by the newspaper in whose Perfect Dress Competition she had won first prize, "was done in the spirit of bravado." This, of course, is the spirit which some would have us believe is dead in this country, and it is only right to point out that every week thousands of British men and women, with the same high purpose, are choosing motor-car accessories, arranging dresses in order of merit, and generally pitting their wits against the finality of the Editor's decision.

Family Favourite

TASTES in entertainment vary from nation to nation, and sensational sales are not expected on this side of the Channel for the new French long-playing record which, according to an evening paper, "describes a painless birth by natural methods of relaxation as it takes place."

Campion's Conquest

Who's for restraint and pure austerity?

The public answers with a scornful laugh.

Twelve thousand viewers sought the B.B.C.

The night they offered up a golden calf.



A Song of Welcome

to be sold in the streets on the occasion of the
visit to our country of Marshal Bulganin and
Mr. Khrushchev.

LET us gladly welcome Nikita Sergeivitch Khrushchev to our shores,
And also Nikolai Alexandrovitch Bulganin, who became a marshal during
the wars,

And it was particularly to his credit that he should have attained that exalted rank
Because when the war broke out he was the head of the Russian state bank.

We would like them to observe how their route is lined every few yards
With all kinds of soldiers and sailors, including the Grenadier and Coldstream
Guards,

For the sight will emphasize what prodigies by the Red Army were done
When under Hitler's leadership we attacked them so treacherously in nineteen-
forty-one.

And when our visitors have seen these soldiers, sailors and airmen on parade
And are conducted over the factories where our secret atomic weapons are being
made,

That we are not engaged in an arms race they will have to admit,
Or at any rate that if we are, they seem to be winning it.

In Buckingham Palace we hope our guests will meet our most gracious Queen,
And not be embarrassed by memories of what happened at Ekaterinburg in
nineteen-eighteen,

For we have seen already their great love for the Indians
And now we would like them to tell Her Majesty of their friendship for our other
Dominions.

Nor would it be amiss if into the Guildhall they did troop,
Where they would not eat caviar and vodka, but our good old English turtle soup,
While the western monopolists from oppressing the under-developed countries
can pause

And hearken unto the leaders of Soviet Russia with much sincere applause.

Our illustrious visitors must be made to see how everyone from near and far
Feels that it is not only football players who are welcome from the U.S.S.R.,
And in my opinion our treatment of these great men may be described as shabby
If we do not hold a memorial service for the victims of the Revolution in
Westminster Abbey.

So let our honoured guests drive everywhere through a cheering throng,
And let us greet them with glad shouts of welcome as they go along,
Because we must remember that their visit to us is highly political
And it would be a brave man to-day who could bring himself to use the word
hypocritical.

B. A. Y.



THE SHIP OF STATE

A Month in the Nursery

By INEZ HOLDEN

AS soon as I saw Aunt Charlotte in the post office she began talking about Tina.

"How wonderful to think of her married to steady Cyril after all those years with drunken Jim. And I hear she has a dear little daughter now. I have just written about a christening present. I always think a piece of jewellery for later on is the best thing, don't you?" Aunt Charlotte followed me out of the post office smiling sentimentally skywards. "Thank heaven for a fine day."

As Aunt Charlotte had an almost unlimited capacity for getting things wrong I did not think it worth while pointing out that she was posting her letters, inadequately stamped, in the Continental pillar box. Nor did I trouble to tell her that drunken Jim and steady Cyril had both telephoned me that morning asking me to call on Tina in a London nursing home.

I did not mention that Tina's child, already nearly five weeks old, had been left in the country in the charge of a monthly nurse. After all, a necklace might seem an unsuitable present for a boy, but Aunt Charlotte was quite right in supposing that it would be useful for later on.

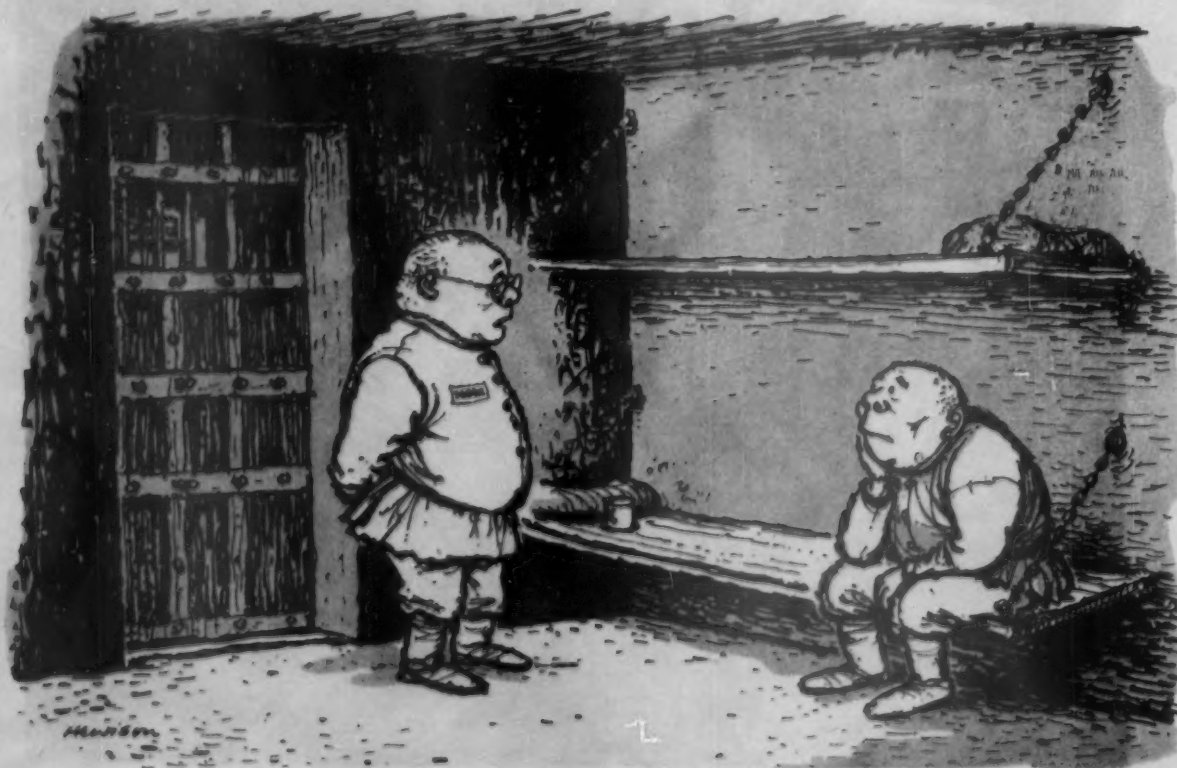
So I smiled as politely as possible and, because it had begun to rain, I took a taxi to Tina's nursing home.

Tina was sitting up in bed. "I feel tired and my hair has grown long and lank," she said, "but I suppose I am progressing because I have had an interview with Doctor Landmine. He's the psychiatrist."

"Does he know what is on your mind?"

"Of course he does. I told him," Tina said. "And now I am going to tell you too. It's all because of the monthly nurse. Nurse Tasker. That's her name. But she won't trouble to

remember my name. She calls me 'Mrs. Er,' sometimes even 'Mrs. Er-Er,' as if it was double-barrelled. The baby's name is Ernest. Nurse Tasker will not trouble to learn his name either. It's distracting because I always think she really is going to say Ernest, but no. Every time she ends at 'Er.'" Tina gave a despairing sigh and straight-away she began to imitate Nurse Tasker. "I'm afraid poor little Er is looking very poorly to-day. But of course, Mrs. Er, we must expect that, mustn't we?" Nurse Tasker implies that it is all my fault and that I know the reason. Sometimes she does give a reason. 'You know, Mrs. Er, it is very unwise to pick up little Er so often. I'm afraid the poor little mite will never thrive if he doesn't get more rest,' and then later Nurse Tasker will tell me the exact opposite. 'You ought to pick up poor little Er more often. He's only a little scrap you know, Mrs. Er, and he



"You're a self-confessed bourgeois counter-revolutionary deviationist. I merely designed a rococo cupola to a Byzantine colonnade."



does need some affection. I appreciate that there are a lot of new ideas about children nowadays, but I think I can claim to know more than most people, having had so many children myself."

"Has Nurse Tasker really had a lot of children of her own?" I asked.

"Of course not. She hasn't had one. That's what she calls them—the kids she's kidnapped—'My children,' because she takes them away from their parents."

"How can she do that?" I asked.

"Oh, it's easy. I mean easy for Nurse Tasker. You see, according to Nurse Tasker mothers are wrong. All mothers everywhere are all wrong. Wrong on major issues. Wrong on minor details. Wrong in the morning. Wrong at night. And in time, in quite a short time, because practice makes perfect you know, Nurse Tasker has got what she wants. The baby on the bottle and the parents on the run. The other day Nurse Tasker told me that the thermometer was broken, the one she uses to test the heat of the baby's bath. She implied that I had broken it. I said she could get a new one at the chemist's

shop in the village. I told her the shop was opposite the bus stop but she wouldn't even let that go. 'Not quite opposite the bus stop, Mrs. Er,' she said. 'It is a little to the right, something in the region of two and a half yards this way.' Then she told me that she would not be able to go out anyhow, as it would never do to leave the baby in inexperienced hands. 'Poor little Er is a child who needs watching.' So I went off and bought a new thermometer, and when I gave it to her she looked at it in horror and remarked that it was 'of foreign make.'"

Now while Tina was talking about Nurse Tasker she had a light of mania in her eyes and I wondered if she had a high fever as well.

"You know that Cyril is Italian by birth," she said, "although naturalized ages ago. His mother insisted on calling him Cyril because an Englishman called Cyril had admired her when she was a young girl. Well, because I'm dark and Cyril's fair, Nurse Tasker thinks I'm Italian. She has told me twice, her starched uniform crackling with indignation, 'All you foreign

ladies get our nice English boys.' She has also told me that the baby is going to be very dark; she says she can tell by his eyes, and she hints that when he is old enough to go to school he will seem unusually dark to the other children."

"I suppose Cyril comes here to see you often?" I said.

"Yes. Every evening. But he only talks about Nurse Tasker."

"That's all you talk about," I said.

"I know," Tina answered, "and after we have talked about Nurse Tasker right through the visiting hour Cyril goes back home—to what?—to Nurse Tasker, of course."

"And what does Nurse Tasker talk about to Cyril?"

"She tells him stories about babies—babies who gained so much weight that they looked like dwarf wrestlers, babies who lost so much weight that they seemed like miniature Indian mystics, babies that appeared to be good and quiet but turned out to be dumb, babies that seemed observant but were really suffering from eye-strain, and in every case it was all the fault of selfish fathers and flighty mothers."

"Does she talk to Cyril like that every evening?"

"No, sometimes she tells him about the men who have proposed to her and how they were all unsuitable suitors because she has a vocation. 'Some women are content to marry the first man that comes along just for the sake of being married, Mr. Er,' she says, 'but I am not like that, I have a trust I cannot betray.' And then Cyril says 'Yes, indeed, Nurse Tasker, and to-night you must go to bed early and get some rest'; and she answers with a terrible snort. 'Not much rest in this house, Mr. Er.' That's because one evening a bus-load of men coming back from a football match did drive through the village singing."

In an attempt to take Tina off the subject of Nurse Tasker I asked her what treatment Doctor Landmine would be likely to give her.

"I don't know," she said. "I am suffering from nervous exhaustion, melancholia and paranoia. I suppose a few electric shocks and some deep analysis. They go right back to early childhood memories nowadays," and she began to cry. "When Ernest is old enough to be psycho-analyzed I suppose they will take him back to early memories of Nurse Tasker."

"This is not a bad room," I told her. "You can see out of the window and there is even a tree in the courtyard."

"Is there?" she said. "Jim has been to see me here. I tell him about Nurse

Tasker, I don't think he minds. He is insulated in alcohol. How fortunate he is," and she continued to cry.

A few days later I went to see Tina again. This time I found her dressed. "Mine is one of the best rooms here," she said. "I can see out of the window and there is a charming tree in the courtyard. But I am leaving to-morrow. I am perfectly well. Completely cured by Doctor Landmine. He is the cleverest psychiatrist in practice to-day. After he had taken a lot of notes on my case he came in to tell me that he was going to give me the N.T.M.G. treatment."

"What is that?"

"The Nurse Tasker Must Go treatment. He has managed somehow to get her sent away and he has substituted his own old nurse, the one who looked after his four children, and you know they are all quite normal, which is very unusual with the children of psychiatrists." Tina nodded her head wisely as she gave me this piece of information. "Doctor Landmine's nurse is called Nanny Barlow and I have already interviewed her here. We had tea together and she told my fortune in the tea-leaves and afterwards she helped me to wash and set my hair. As you see I do not look so much like a lank-haired Thurber-woman as I did formerly. And, do you know, Doctor Landmine once had another patient here who had been through a month in the nursery with Nurse Tasker? Isn't that a coincidence?"

On my way home I went in to the post office to buy a book of stamps. "It's a small world," I thought as I saw Aunt Charlotte coming towards me again.

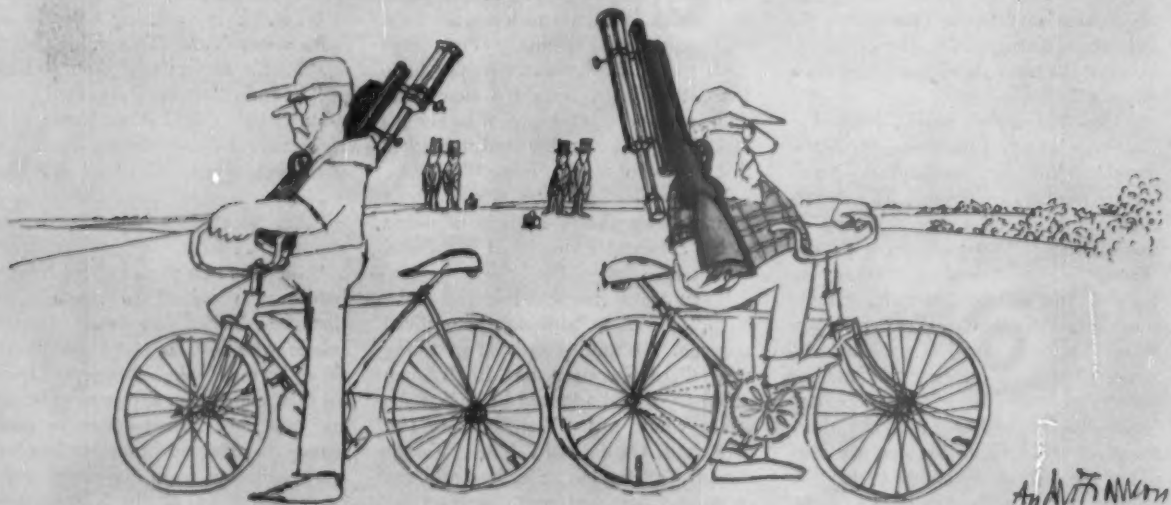
"I hear Tina is in a nursing home in London," Aunt Charlotte said. "She has let herself get into the hands of one of these cranky foreign nerve specialists. In my day we did not go in for that sort of thing. Either you were mad or you were not. Besides, what care could the doctor give her that she could not have got at home? You know, I took all the trouble to engage a very nice monthly nurse for Tina's baby. A most experienced woman. Why couldn't Tina stay at home and let herself be looked after by this sensible woman?" And Aunt Charlotte went out saying "What terrible rain," in spite of the fact that the sun was now shining.

The Snare

"It would be idle to claim that myxomatosis has not helped to improve the corn yield to some extent. But against that gain people have been deprived of cheap and wholesome food."

Letter in the Daily Telegraph

I HEAR a sudden cry of pain!
Is it a rabbit in a snare?
No—just an Old Age Pensioner
Who hoped to find a rabbit there.
E. V. M.





"Ah, but monsieur's long sight is excellent."

From a Secret Agent

By WILLIAM THORNTON

DEAR XI87,—Of course I am always glad to hear from you, in your capacity both as friend and "old" member! Your letter took exactly a month to reach me but, as things are at present, perhaps it would be better if you were to write to me direct at my address in Saspisk instead of through our friend Korobkin. Last Tuesday he made a voluntary voluntary confession before the People's Court, and he has since become the first Mayor of — to be elected on the Spying-Imperialist - Cannibalistic - 'Traitors' ticket. You may have seen pictures in the papers of the celebration picnic which he organized for children of serving members of the N.K.V.D.

Yesterday was my day for meeting 73 and 134 in the disused lipstick factory. 73 is still feeling the effects of the Scientists' Conference. He was expecting a sixty per cent bonus on some material he had collected on pegmatitic duo-crystalline heat-exchange clement developments, and the only acknowledgment he got from HQ 5 was a packet of grass seed (57% alfalfa, 17% rye) which, as you may remember

from your old code book, directs the attention of the recipient to the Chinese proverb, "A mistimed good intention is like a tea-chest full of scorpions."

134 had just returned from the emergency conference at the Malenkov Bathing Pavilion, Odessa, called to discuss the implications of the Eisenhower "blueprint" proposals. He was able to give us very little comfort. 741 from Tobolsk tried to read a paper entitled "Treble Naïveté as a Classical Rejoinder to Quadruple Bluff," but was prevented from finishing by slow hand-clapping and general uproar. Your friend and old colleague, Katya K—, was talking about the new married quarters at the Omsk airfield, and 134 believes she is planning to settle down and write her memoirs for the *Woman's Sunday Pravda*. She has already put on a good deal of weight.

The whole conference seems to have been something of a failure. A proposal for the immediate formation of an International Union of Secret Agents to negotiate on matters of salary, superannuation, and conditions of service was defeated by eastern delegates who

threatened to walk out if the proposal was put to the vote. You know my views—organized action is doomed to failure so long as the Inscrutability Bonus remains a part of the Chinese agents' pay structure.

We have not yet done very much about the New York disarmament and inspection proposals, but I fear there are signs of the sort of hasty and ill-considered actions on the part of some of our members which have too often marred our endeavours in the past. At best there seems likely to be a major split, with some agents applying *en masse* for posts under the Inspection Authority and others seeking employment as foreign correspondents of the national dailies, whose regular men will be busy at what 134 calls the International Dirty Linen Exhibitions. It is true that amongst the older members there are some who recall previous redundancy scares which came to nothing—and of course there is always 17P, our "oldest agent." He is still at work on his "Statistical Inquiry into the Incidence of Disinterest amongst Collectivized Moss-Gatherers," a topic which shows no sign of reaching the agenda of any Geneva conference; and he is hoping to sell his findings to the Fabian Society.

I wish I shared 17P's confidence, if that is what it should be called. Tomorrow was to have been the occasion of our annual whist-drive at Saratov, but it has been cancelled at the last moment. The receipt of a gift parcel from the Dean of Canterbury has been the occasion of outbreaks of rioting and hostile demonstrations in the town. Three officials of the M.V.D. are reported to have committed suicide.

Yours ever,

93A



654

Phrenological Occasion

"The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Brand, at Henley, was attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent. Mrs. Brand formerly Miss Laura Smith, is the sister of Viscount Hambleden and great-great-granddaughter of the founder of the bookselling firm W. H. Smith and Son. Mr. Brand is a specialist in rare books."

Birmingham Post



Seeing Ourselves as We See Ourselves

By LORD KINROSS

PEERING through a glass darkly, evening after evening, man comes sooner or later face to face—with himself. Such is the miracle of television. Other, less advanced arts provide him with greatly inferior blessings. The theatre shows him men other than himself. The cinema shows him himself as he can never hope to be. Both, moreover, rely on a lot of dramatic invention to do so. Only the TV screen, between irrelevant lapses into stage and cinema, to say nothing of sport and instruction, shows him himself as himself, all shorn of drama, in the image of Mr. Middling or Mr. Norton or Mr. Grove, thus putting him on instant good terms with life, bathing him and himself in a warm glow of mutual esteem, and provoking the comfortable reflection, "There's me in my Heaven! All must be right with the world."

But this is not enough. What man

to-day is content to be simply himself? He must aim higher. He must be Somebody. The magic must touch him, as it touches those Celebrities behind the panel tables and the footlights and in congested replicas of their homes in the TV studios, being interviewed by refined ladies or gentlemen, or Mr. Driberg, or Mr. Dimbleby. This can now happen to anyone. Any man may achieve a miraculous importance, shedding the image of Mr. Middling for that of himself, simply by dropping a postcard to Mr. Wilfred Pickles. "Now," he reflects as it goes in at the letter-box, "I am known in part. Then shall I be known even as also I ought to be known."

If he is a diffident man, not feeling yet quite up to the Pickles level, he may drop one first, with his telephone

number on it, to Personality Girl Sheila Mathews, craving an invitation to be crooned to in person as guest on her Friday programme. "EDMonton 4889," she dials. "Is that Mr. Peter Driscoll speaking?" Mr. Driscoll of Edmonton acclaims his recognition of the magic voice with well-rehearsed astonishment. "Why, it's Sheila!" His invitation has come. Importance will be his, next Friday. And for the Friday after that, "Who knows, Sheila might be 'calling' you."

If, on the other hand, you are a man who aspires to be rather More than Somebody, you may write to Mr. Eamonn Andrews and ask him to put the whole story of your life on the TV screen, with you in the lead. This will confer importance not only on you but, in reflected magic, on a number of forgotten friends of your youth, whom you will strive to identify half a life on,

racking your brains before the camera with a wondering smile as you hear, "1922 . . . Do you remember? . . . This is the voice of someone who was always proud to be called your shadow."

For most people, however, to be seen with Pickles is apotheosis enough—Pickles with his large friendly nose and his small compassionate eyes and his reassuring North Country voice, taking you by the arm and putting you at your ease in front of millions and above all, in front of the family, seeing themselves in you and basking in the glow of transfiguration as they hear him calling you Joyce or Eric, getting your surname wrong and apologizing, letting you call him Wilfred, making jokes at and about you and then, with his miracle touch, coaxing you to perform *with him*, the turn which will be the turning point of your life.

Pickles confers lifelong importance on the young and enables the old to die honoured and happy. Old John, for instance, who has been playing the cornet in the Market Lavington band for seventy-three years, and now draws a brave old breath to play it, with Pickles at his elbow, to millions; another old John, eighty-two years a chorister, who draws an even braver breath to sing, in quavering tones, "They fill my heart with gladness . . . They fill my heart with longing," his eyes filling with tears as the telegrams, read by Pickles, come pouring in: "To a sportsman and a gentleman, from all those in Sheffield

who know him and love him"; from fellow clay-pigeon shooters who are toasting him in Stilton and whisky, and have made him the first honorary member of the Cavendish Club at Mansfield. This, as he puts it, is the "grand climax."

Importance comes, by an unsought miracle, to Mr. Desmond Lancelot Plunket. For his name was engraved on a silver christening mug found in 1915 on the banks of a Scottish loch by the mother of a gentleman from Glasgow who wants to return it but can't trace him until, as Pickles tells the tale, lo and behold Mr. Plunket rings up from Maidenhead! Next week all are beatified on the screen together, with suitably important smiles.

Ask Pickles and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find. The two spectacled choggists from County Durham, the bearded diddler from Dundee, just knocked and it was opened unto them. So too Lindy Lou, from our town, "the most talented" Alsatian in the whole world, so the girl who plays Debussy to make a proud grandmother even prouder, the donkey procured by Pickles for the kiddies' home at Henley-on-Thames, the couple who rehabilitate wayfarers (*save tramps*), the ordinary Welsh housewife and the list of Welsh friends she gets Pickles to mention, as though in prayer, before she chants of the merry, merry pipes of Pan and is told by Pickles that she ought to be at Covent Garden.

The little children come unto Pickles to have Wishes Granted, Dreams come True, thus acquiring a sense of importance early. It comes to Ronnie ("We know from his mother he's not been too well lately"), who hears his favourite tune played; to Aileen, aged twelve, riding with Pickles on a bicycle made for two; to Barbara, aged fourteen, marching in with him, singing "Side by Side" and saying the next thing she wants is to fly in an aeroplane with Neville Duke. Too late, alas!

to go to the stake with Joan of Arc, she may yet live to ride pillion behind Pat Smythe or sit on a panel beside Sir Robert Boothby.

For those who prefer them there are robuster roads to importance. At the Palladium married couples from Hackney and Walthamstow, Mitcham and Chingford roll weekly across the stage, or jump across it on a step-ladder, or try not to burst balloons while they put on their trousers, or squeeze other balloons in and out of each other's space helmets, or post bills in a high wind, or put hoses down each other's pullovers, or catch tennis balls in fish-nets, or fail to catch them in hollow cylinders, all heroically against time, to "Beat the Clock."

At the Granada in Tooting, where "People are Funny," a young married woman is dressed up as a bride and sent out into the streets and into the pubs to cry for the husband who, she is told, has left her at the altar; meanwhile a young unmarried man, to show what sort of a lover he is, runs up and down a ladder reciting Romeo and Juliet alternately, and achieves canonization as Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier in one.

In "Take Your Pick," blessed by a baldish, long-nosed man with a breathless voice and an old school tie, mere tailors, metal polishers and readers of electric light meters answer publicly such questions as "What is a poke? Do you eat vermicelli, paint with it, or pay it into the bank? What film star is noted for her mink bikini?" while Friday after Friday a Mrs. Finch appears, struggling to make up a mind in torment as to whether a sealed cardboard box she keeps in her wardrobe contains the key to a sixpenny tie-pin or a £600 motor-car, and whether to open it, or settle for £50 cash down, or stand out for more. For there are rewards for all on earth as well as in heaven.

For now abideth Home, Sound, Vision, these three; but the greatest of these is Vision.

"Film actress Cleo Moore has opened a drive for sex in jails as the key plank in her prison-reform movement. (By coincidence, in her latest role Cleo visits a condemned prisoner's cell on his last night before execution.)"—*Pasadena Independent*

What do you mean—coincidence?



Anatomy of Reputation

Something to Communicate

By HENRY FAIRLIE

"WELL, I'm off to the front," said Roger Cussack one evening just after the war had begun. "I'm joining the Film Division of the Ministry of Information."

The other Fellows of St. Aidan's congratulated him, and the President added: "We'll see you back after the war, then. No doubt about that." It was one of the few occasions on which he had been known to be malicious. But Cussack did not notice it.

"You see," he went on, "it is going to be a civilians' war. It is the morale of the civilian which is going to count. All the modern apparatus" (Cussack liked that word) "of communication—press, broadcasting, films—will have to be used. This war will be won or lost at the Ministry of Information."

"You are probably right," said the President as he rose to go. At the door he turned. "By the way, Cussack, did you know that Linton is leaving us too? He's joining the Rifle Brigade."

Cussack and Linton were the same age.

But Roger Cussack did not go back to St. Aidan's after the war, and nowadays, when he visits Oxford, he goes only to All Souls, as the guest of the Warden.

It would be difficult to say what he did at the Ministry of Information, although when he supervised the distribution of a film about the Battle of Britain early in 1941 he argued that its success showed the real importance of victories in modern war.

"The film about the battle is more important than the battle itself," he told a gathering of documentary film producers, and Mr. Pasi Ratha, who was in the chair, thanked him for a penetrating address.

Gradually Cussack's field of acquaintances widened.

With impressive impartiality he told both young Conservative and young Labour M.P.s that the future would be theirs if only they understood the problems of mass communication.

A chance remark at a meeting of journalists, reminding them that they

were "living in a post-Caxton age," brought an invitation to lunch with Mr. Gerald Berry, as he was then.

Then, late in 1944, he said that "Penguin and Pelican books, indeed the whole of Mr. Lane's aviary, are the symbol of our age, in which the answers to our problems lie in successful communication."

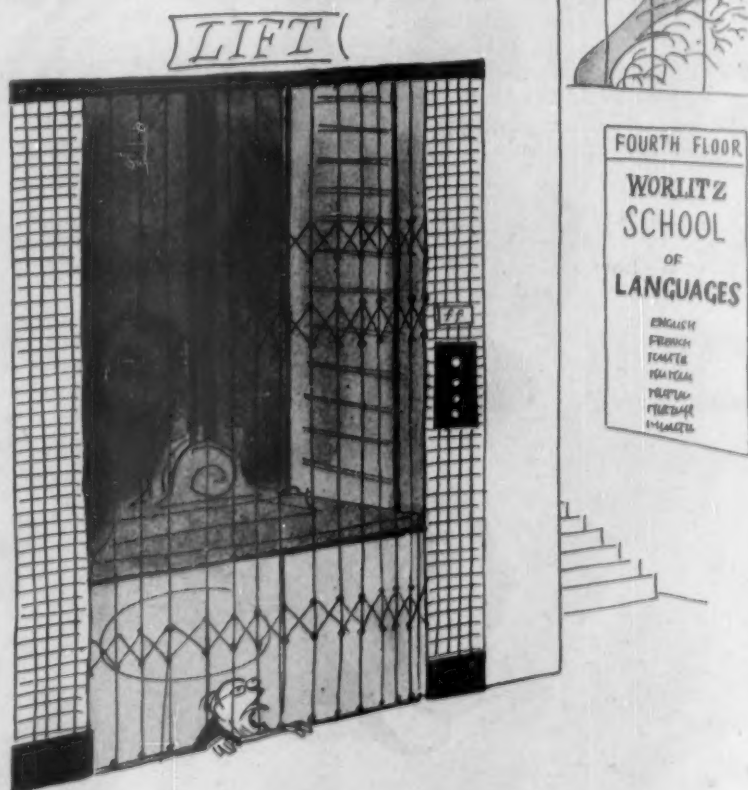
Those who remember the intellectual atmosphere in the closing year of the war will not be surprised that, with this remark, Cussack's reputation at last became firmly established.

Within a week every journalists' and politicians' luncheon table heard the name of Roger Cussack as "someone who has got hold of something."

Nobody asked what.

If they had, Cussack would have been ready with an answer.

At the moment of deciding whether or not to return to St. Aidan's he remembered how, five years before, he had said that the war would be won or lost at the Ministry of Information. Had this not proved to be true?



"Help! Au secours! Aiuto! Helpen! Ajuda! Hailfe! Hjalp!"

Why, then, should it not be equally true to say that "the peace will be won or lost in the field of communication. We must organize the spirit of the common man?" Two days later, these words appeared in a letter to the *Observer*.

And a week after that, he found himself having lunch with Sir William Haley.

As Assistant to the Deputy Director of the Third Programme, which was the post he took after leaving the Ministry of Information in 1946, Cussack might seem to have accepted a position unworthy of the reputation which he had made during the war.

But Cussack knew the world he was moving in. It was a world in which this indefinable factor of reputation mattered. Somehow a man's name got around without him doing anything. Cussack was merely looking for the best carriers.

And he was right, of course. In 1946 the Third Programme, if it offered nothing else, offered reputation.

Less watchful now and less cautious, he began to choose almost by instinct the people whom he should know—and invited them to give talks, or even a series of talks, on the Third Programme.

With an ease of manner which would have surprised St. Aidan's he moved

from luncheons to cocktail parties to dinner parties, and at each he propounded the same message. "What we must try to do is solve the problem of communication."

Once the *Cambridge Journal* invited him to write five thousand words analyzing what he meant by this, but Cussack was wise enough to refuse.

By 1948, Cussack had said nothing in public and had written nothing for two years, and no one could be found to explain exactly what his contribution to the Third Programme had been. But when the post of Chief Administrator of the Arts Council was created, his name immediately started to go the rounds.

"Of course, he's just the man to fill it," they said. Nobody asked why.

From now on Cussack's progress was as rapid as it was inevitable.

A Deputy Chairman had to be found for the Royal Commission on Films and Juvenile Delinquency, and Cussack was given the job. In the Honours List in the following January he was created C.B.E.

Later in the same year he gave the National Book League lecture, choosing as his theme "Books as Instruments of Communication." It was, said *The Times*, an interesting line of thought.

Still later in the same year he married a ballerina.

Cussack, already appointed a director of *Faber and Faber*, was poised and ready for his next move.

It was about this time that he was offered an important post in the direction of the Festival of Britain. Cussack refused the post. It would, he thought, expose him to the necessity of taking decisions and to the possibility of failure. These were the two things which he dreaded above all.

So for six months he waited, but not without some advance. When the Governors of the B.B.C. had next to be changed, he was again accepted as the inevitable choice.

At the same time he was appointed a trustee of the *Economist*, delivered a lecture to the English Association on "Language as a Problem of Communication," and, after visiting Europe on behalf of the Arts Council, made a plea for the improvement of British information services on the Continent.

This last was a masterly stroke because it came just at the time when the new post of Controller-General of the British Council had to be filled. His appointment—and the subsequent K.B.E.—were acclaimed as inevitable.

But nobody ever asked what he had done.

At his first Press conference as Controller-General, Sir Roger Cussack defined what he thought his new work entailed.

"The cold war," he said, "will be won or lost by our success in communicating. We must reach the peoples of Asia and Africa; we must reach the peoples behind the Iron Curtain. This is not a problem of military weapons or material aid. It is a problem of communication."

Communicating what?

Sir Roger Cussack, K.B.E., had never known—or cared.

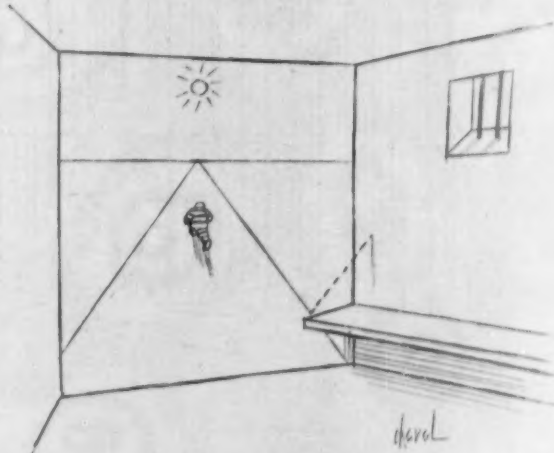
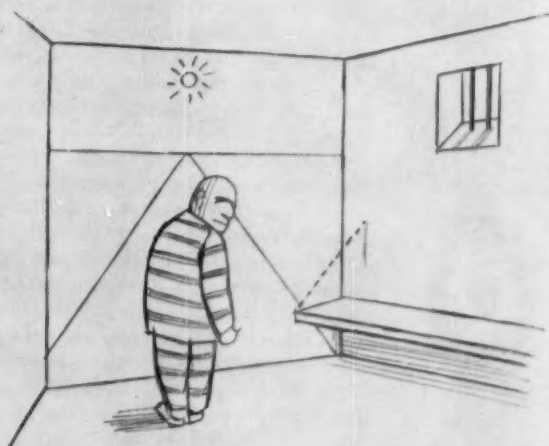
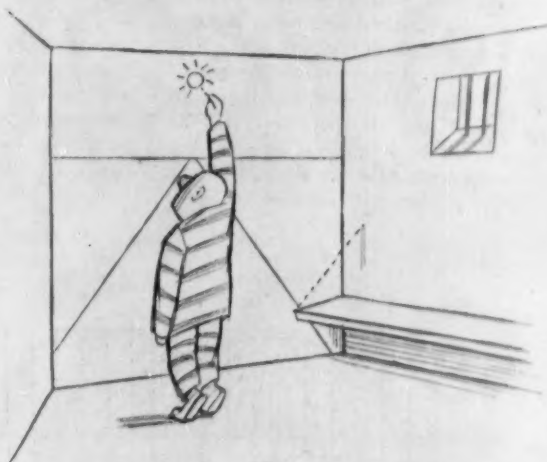
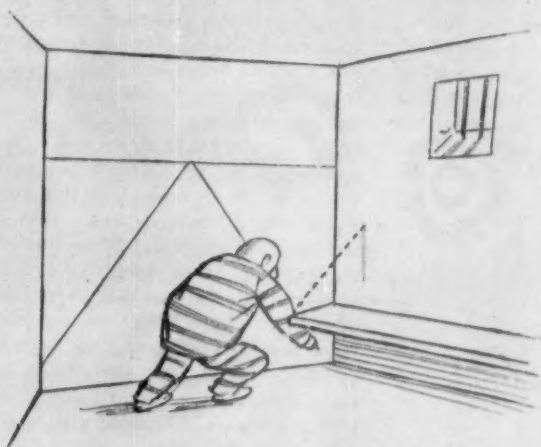
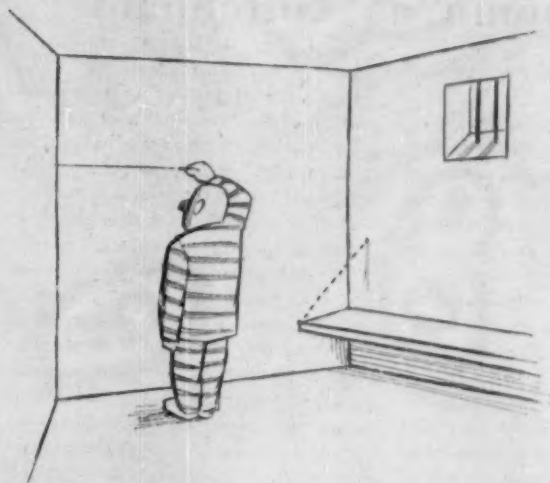
Giovannetti's

Zoo



"I hid it."

"Put all the titles of Chopin's pieces in a hat. Draw one at random—anything from a mazurka to a concerto. Go to Artur Rubinstein anywhere, any time (the middle of the night if you like) and say 'Here's a concert—grand and there's an audience: Play!' You will get an exciting performance..."—*Music Diary, Radio Times*
Prefer to hear him play the piano, thanks.



There Was an Old Woman at Tottenham

FOR many years, until quite recently, the front page of the *Evening News* was enlivened nearly every day by items like this:

HIGH HAT

The next thing I knew, he had put my bowler on the roof.—*Man at Tottenham*

I have had to make that up out of my head, as a matter of fact, but regular *News* readers will agree that it is a fair copy of the real thing. So is this:

ONE FOR THE ROAD

All I did was open a bottle of stout and pour it in the gutter.—*Woman at Tottenham*

I never actually met Man at Tottenham, and it begins to look as though I never shall, because he seems to have vanished altogether, and taken Woman at Tottenham with him. Good luck to them, wherever they are, and long may they continue their dark, unfathomable confabulations. If they have retired, finding the hurly-burly of present-day journalism too much for them, I like to think that they will settle down in a

By ALEX ATKINSON

haunted, leaky cottage in the shadow of some crumbling tannery, where they may sit quietly in the draughty evenings, turning over their press-cuttings by the light of a failing torch, and moving their toothless gums up and down in reminiscent glee.

A hard time they used to have of it, to be sure, down Tottenham way. All day long a man from the *Evening News* would prow about their narrow, dismal house, waiting for one or other of them to let slip a gem. I pictured this *News* man as a keen-eyed, giggling type, with red wrists, hairy socks, and an eager stammer. He used to take sandwiches in a square, blue, fibre case with a handle on the top; and a vacuum-flask filled with warm, sugarless cocoa. Sometimes he had to hang around for hours, following them from room to room as they mumbled through their interminable, nightmare duologue; but sooner or later the gem would be dropped. Only God knows what the duologue was about, but the extracts

which found their way into Fleet Street's mighty presses were, as I have shown, apt to go something like this: "He kept telling me it was halibut, but I know cod." They would keep this kind of thing up for hours, apparently, and quite often the man from the *News* would be hard put to make his choice.

Let us suppose that one day he chose the item about the halibut. Pausing only to read it over to the dimly muttering pair (they would be standing close in a corner of the spare bedroom, perhaps, where the rusty trunks were, gazing into one another's bloodshot eyes as they slowly formed their horrid sentences), he would leap into his waiting horse and cart and drive like the wind for the office. Straight up the High Road, rattling and snorting into Kingsland Road, and so right through to London Bridge, where he turned off into Cannon Street—one hand on the reins and the other clutching his notebook—hair flying in the gale and a joyful song in his heart. As he pulled up breathless at the *News*, windows would be flung open and the busy street would resound with cries of welcome. "Here comes Murgatroyd!" the managing editor would yell, and in an instant his desk would be swept bare of trivia. Almost before the steaming horse had been led away to be watered and fed, the precious copy would be laid on the leather-bound blotter, and the sanctum would be filled with merry editorial laughter.

Now, in a remote attic room high above the rush and clamour of the *News* office, there lived a man whose sole function it was to put the finishing touch to the Tottenham gems. He, and he alone, was responsible for what came to be known in journalistic circles as the Cream of the Jest. On his door a card was tacked, inscribed "Private. Tottenham Headlines." I see him very clearly in my mind's eye, as he sits at his dusty, ramshackle *escritoire* with the halibut piece before him. At the bottom the editor has scrawled "Rush. Must catch 1st. edn." He is a gaunt, tall, balding man, scholarly and dyspeptic, wearing a green eyeshade and reflectively munching a charcoal biscuit. Occasionally, as he thinks, he strokes the pet raven which is chained to his In-tray, or



cases a suspender which is biting into his leg. The worldly traffic whispers far below. When inspiration comes at last, a faint, proud smile illumines for a second his yellow face. Then, deliberately, he reaches for his goose-quill and his home-made dark-brown ink.

And so, that very evening, somewhere near the bottom of the front page, there appears the following addition to the age-old saga:

A FISHY TALE

He kept telling me it was halibut, but I know cod.—*Woman at Tottenham*

So all day long, in busy London Town, the laughter echoes in the snack-bars, the pubs, the omnibuses, and the bustling streets. There is little enough humour in our humdrum lives, heaven knows; how grateful we should be, then, for these valiant wits, who strove for so long to prove to all the world that London is, when all is said and done, the very centre of culture and civilization!

There are consolations, of course. Wit has not entirely fled away. Only the other evening I found myself writhing with mirth over this piece of whimsical satire:

GUMPOWDER PLOT

It was all a trick to avoid paying for the toothpaste.—*Woman in Surrey Court*

I suppose she is all very well in her way, this Woman in Surrey court, but I think she will be but a poor substitute for the Tottenham couple. Their conversation had cloudy, metaphysical overtones. They slopped about moodily in their Tottenham house, awaiting their own particular Godot, and they spoke the language of fuddled trolls. It was more than funny, as the *News* was no doubt well aware: it had elements of sinister, universal foreboding. "There were only three legs on the sideboard, so I wasn't going to pay," the Man would say. "When she came in," the Woman would reply, "she had my best hat on 'upside-down.'" Day after day they rambled on, their voices murmuring in the twilight house. They lived and moved in a private, spectral world, and we must consider ourselves privileged to have been afforded glimpses of it.

Where are they now?

As a matter of fact, I think I may be



on their track. Recently I came across this item:

A RAILWAY SLEEPER

An express was delayed for nearly an hour 116 miles from **Melbourne** to-day when a signalman fell asleep.—*Evening News Reporter*

What can this mean? Who is this mysterious *News* reporter, wandering around a hundred and sixteen miles from Melbourne, who dares to cable a story so fraught with humorous possibility from the other side of the world? Why couldn't Reuter handle it, or B.U.P.? Was the *News* man sent out in a specially chartered plane to cover this particular assignment? If so, why didn't

he get the name of the engine-driver? Or is he *always* a hundred and sixteen miles from Melbourne—endlessly scouring some forgotten, sun-parched bit of wilderness for droll tit-bits? Can he—is it possible?—*can he be the Man who used to be at Tottenham?* And is the Woman with him, endlessly gabbling in a corner of the box, and fiddling with the levers?

God help him, then, is all that I can say. Alas, poor Yorick!

"MAKE POLICE PROBE PUBLIC"
Daily Express

But don't they?

SITTING PRETTY



THE moment I put my feet up comes the call: "Darling! Would you like to do something for me?"

"Can't hear!"

"Oh nothing—"

Wouldn't you like to—"

"Well, what?"

"Just go out and—"

"Out! You know I've a bad heel!"

"But this isn't far. It's sitting."

"Oh."

"I knew you would: all you've to do is take these"—two pale-blue bags alight softly in the doorway—"to Lil's. She'll tell you the rest."

Lil's is the launderette. So, grasping the pale-blue bags, I crawl round the corner to that utilitarian parlour where, by daylight, they ape the TV. Lil's is full.

Lil herself is full, with ripples, with flesh and talk as, cigarette dangling, she takes two-and-ninences and hands out soap-flakes.

This Voice of Enlightenment brings more fun, I should have thought, than any these housewives will get from their screens at home. To-day, it seems, she is off colour; sighs, flu, legs, wind are her atmosphere. "How's your poor

pussy?" she greets the sad dame, who—yes, jiggling an old feather and a nose-drop—starts back. "He can't," at last comes the hoarse whisper, "hardly turn over." "Poor thing," sighs Lil, and hacks dreadfully.

To me, kindly, she says: "You put half the blue one in first, dear, when the red light comes on but not before, and after that lot's done and it's red again, I'll come and see to you . . . What's the matter with you, then?" she adds, noticing my limp, which has got worse.

"Oh, only a septic heel," I reply modestly; but can't refrain from mentioning my *stopped duct*—last April's, as a matter of fact—when my whole mouth and neck, down one side, would swell up at the mere thought of food.

"Well, now," says Lil, staring at my neck greedily, "what did you call it? Stuffed duck? You aren't making this up, are you?"

No, no, though it's rare; and so inevitably, I feel, we come to her—carbuncle, is it?—darkly situated, but once on the scene, not likely to leave it.

"Only started as . . . well, you're always getting something or other these days, aren't you . . . but after a few days . . . and then—Oyoy!" (she waves to the policeman passing, who grins back) —"I could hardly believe my eyes.

Well, I mean, there's a limit, isn't there? . . ."

On, on flows the talk, like those rivers outside French towns where the women kneel all day scrubbing and pounding away on stones; wilder whirl the machines, tenser grows the hum, lights flash on and off, and the door opens. For a moment I think it is Mr. Charles Morgan himself who advances with the little black bag of melodrama.

"Come in, Mr. Whitfield dear," exclaims Lil. Mr. Whitfield, though apparently deeply shaken, as if he had been Followed, or were about to be Discovered, glides in. He is, I fancy, an old actor, whose gentility can never have paid, and often seen *outside* saloon bars. But by taking his hat off he sets an example to us all.

I am seated between a studious Indian with gold spectacles and a bothered lady whose child keeps running to the frenzied porthole and trying to imitate with his whole body the contortion of flying handkerchiefs and pyjama legs. He takes a peep into mine. "Don't do that, Len," says his mother.

My machine now shows its second red light. Lil comes to see to me as she had promised.

Then follows the long wait, when others go off to do a little shopping, or



buy cigarettes or a paper, but I sit on, hypnotized by my individual maelstrom, by Lil's talk—

"Them steps . . . doctors didn't ought to have steps . . . 'Well, Lil,' he says, 'what's wrong? Off with your clothes, my girl,' he says—just like that . . . You haven't got enough soap there, Mr. Whitfield."

Lil and the Doctor and Mr. Whitfield fade, as I am borne on the wings of my private misery, which for several days has disorganized my routine. It makes me—while not requiring stick or slipper—grateful for opportunities to sit. These, I am glad to find, are plentiful. Sofas and armchairs warm to me. From bench to bench I wander, car seat to stone parapet. I haunt the Embankment, where places are much prized by those who can never too long feast a curiosity about the other shore. I attend lunch-time organ recitals.

But many of these seats are hard, and I am wondering whether I shouldn't buy an air-cushion, when Lil has bent over me to say: "Unscrew this when it stops: I have to slip out a moment."

"Half-past eleven," agrees Mr. Whitfield solemnly, bringing out an old silver watch with a window not unlike that of the washing-machine.

A little Jew bustles in, leaving an

enormous car outside, and is just in time to stuff armfuls of strange-looking material—whether bedspreads or fancy dresses or window curtains, it's hard to tell—into two machines side by side, while he sits on the very edge of a chair never ceasing to watch both. Mr. Whitfield coughs in a remote way.

My washing seems to have gone into the dizziest of all spins, and I'm off again on sedentary wings. How many hours people spend just sitting and waiting! It always charmed me, as I stepped lightly by, to see the rows and rows of slumped travellers in Paddington station, the lazy conversationalists in all-night cafés, the tense half-dozen of the all-night chemist, the doctor's waiting-room, a damp conservatory and just the place for picking up something to send one on to the hospital itself. A day in the Out-patients? No lenience there, to the tired or tender anatomy, but hard wood, a cold ante-room, a draughty corridor to match one's chill anticipations. Now and then, with a fine show of freedom, nurses air a general sweet capability, doctors stride by importantly flapping, students linger round a notice-board or a joke. In such circumstances was revealed to me my *stopped duct*. The young doctor was fascinated. He squeezed it. He got

others to look. He made me suck lemon so as to show up well. And what could they do for it? We-e-ell, he *hoped* (as if I didn't) that they wouldn't have to cut. They didn't like cutting.

"Your laundry's done," says the little Jew, who helps me shovel my clothes into a sort of metal shopping-basket-on-wheels and then pack them carefully in the drier, clamp down the lid, put in a penny, and instigate the sort of wails that accompany the witch scenes in *Macbeth*.

Finally, all is stowed away, sadder if whiter, into the two pale-blue bags, and I can't help dropping into the pub on the journey back. There a familiar voice is declaiming: "... Well, doctor, I says, you don't waste much time, do you? Not with you, he says, I don't . . ."

"How is Lil?" I am asked when I get home, and sink back on the settee.

"Oh, much as ever—*more* than ever."

"Did you remember to find out the price of blankets?"

"Blankets?"

"Yes, I asked you just as you went out."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes, and you said 'I shan't forget.' You didn't forget to go to the pub, did you?"

G. W. STONIER

The Third Man

By H. F. ELLIS

ADAMIRERS of the Foreign Office, most if not all of whom work there, will have been greatly strengthened and refreshed by the strong stand taken a week ago in the affair of Mr. H. P. S. Matthews, the notorious spokesman. The old bad days of weakness, of shilly-shallying, of "covering-up" defects and misfits among the staff, are clearly over. The task of clearing out the Augean stables has been begun with a resounding, a thermo-nuclear bang.

Mr. Matthews had for ten years, until a week last Tuesday, been charged with the responsible duty of conducting the daily Press conference at the Foreign Office, at which official statements are made and the eager questions of fifty or sixty newspaper correspondents answered. Why, it may be asked, was he permitted to continue in this vital office so long? A man (so the detractors of the Foreign Office argue) capable in the long run of such wildly irresponsible and warmongering behaviour as Mr. Matthews—he stigmatized as "thoroughly hypocritical," it will be remembered, an admirably forthright attack on the Western powers made by the Prime Minister of Russia (perhaps our fifth oldest ally) in the course of his colourful tour of India—such a man must surely, in his ten years' ministry, have given unmistakable indications of the excesses of which he was capable. Did he never, it is asked, betray his unsuitability for the post by describing the closing of the Berlin Corridor as "not quite the thing"; or,

by some outspoken and unspokesman-like reference to Molotov as "an awkward customer," reveal his implacable hatred for the toiling masses of the Soviet Union? Who else but Matthews (the indictment runs) started the rumour that British policy was opposed, or at any rate viewed with some uneasiness, Russia's rape of Czechoslovakia, her support of North Korea, her purges in East Germany, her intransigence in the United Nations, her suppression of free thought, her operations in Australia, and other matters of purely internal Soviet interest? Is there not, in the failure of the Foreign Office to put an early stop to the machinations of this dangerous man, a clear indication of inefficiency (to say no more) in the higher councils of Downing Street?

The plain answer to charges of this nature is that it is easy to be wise after the event. To say *now* that the fact that Mr. Matthews was always suspiciously careful not to throw china about in foreign capitals and invariably turned up sober for his Press conferences ought to have been enough to put the security services on their guard is all very well. This is a free country, and sobriety, even in the Foreign Office, is not in itself a proof of unsuitability to serve. Naturally a watch has been kept on the activities of this man, ever since he is alleged to have accused Stalin (in reply to a question put by the *Weston-super-Mare Herald* in 1950) of being "thoroughly unco-operative." But there is a world of difference, in a free country, between watching and denunciation.

No doubt there will be many, in the course of the next few weeks, who will come forward with stories of their past association with Matthews, of his warped patriotism, his barely-concealed dislike of friendly police-states, his out-and-out criticisms, at hideously respectable right wing tea-parties, of Mr. Khrushchev as a "tedious old buffoon." The fact remains that

the Foreign Office's counter-indiscretion bureau was not informed of these activities at the time, and had no means, short of practically ubiquitous tea-drinking, of finding them out.

Far more important than such cloudy and ill-natured post-mortems is the restoration of public confidence in the Foreign Office, now patently determined to set its house in order. Mr. Matthews is no longer to be allowed publicly to air his un-British views at the daily Press conferences. For the future, Sir George Young, the head of the News Department, or his deputy Mr. A. R. Moore, will preside, and we may confidently rely upon them (unless they prove altogether blind to the warning that Mr. Matthews' fate so clearly carries) to make no statements and give no answers that convey any conceivable meaning whatsoever. Much depends upon these two men. A great deal of the good done by the exchange of visits between the Dynamo football team and the British *Hamlet* company has been negated by Mr. Matthews' extraordinary outburst. Russian sensibilities, as the protest of their London Chargé d'Affaires makes plain, have been gravely affronted. But with meekness and incomprehensibility, leavened perhaps by an occasional timely slap at the U.S.A., the situation may yet be restored.

These are virtues by no means beyond the compass of a reinvigorated Foreign Office, and in them, and in the sense of goodwill that comes from insults bravely borne, lies our best hope of peaceful co-existence between East and West. Plentiful opportunities for their exercise, we may rest assured, will be provided as time goes on by the hypocrite Bulganin and that tedious old buffoon Khrushchev.

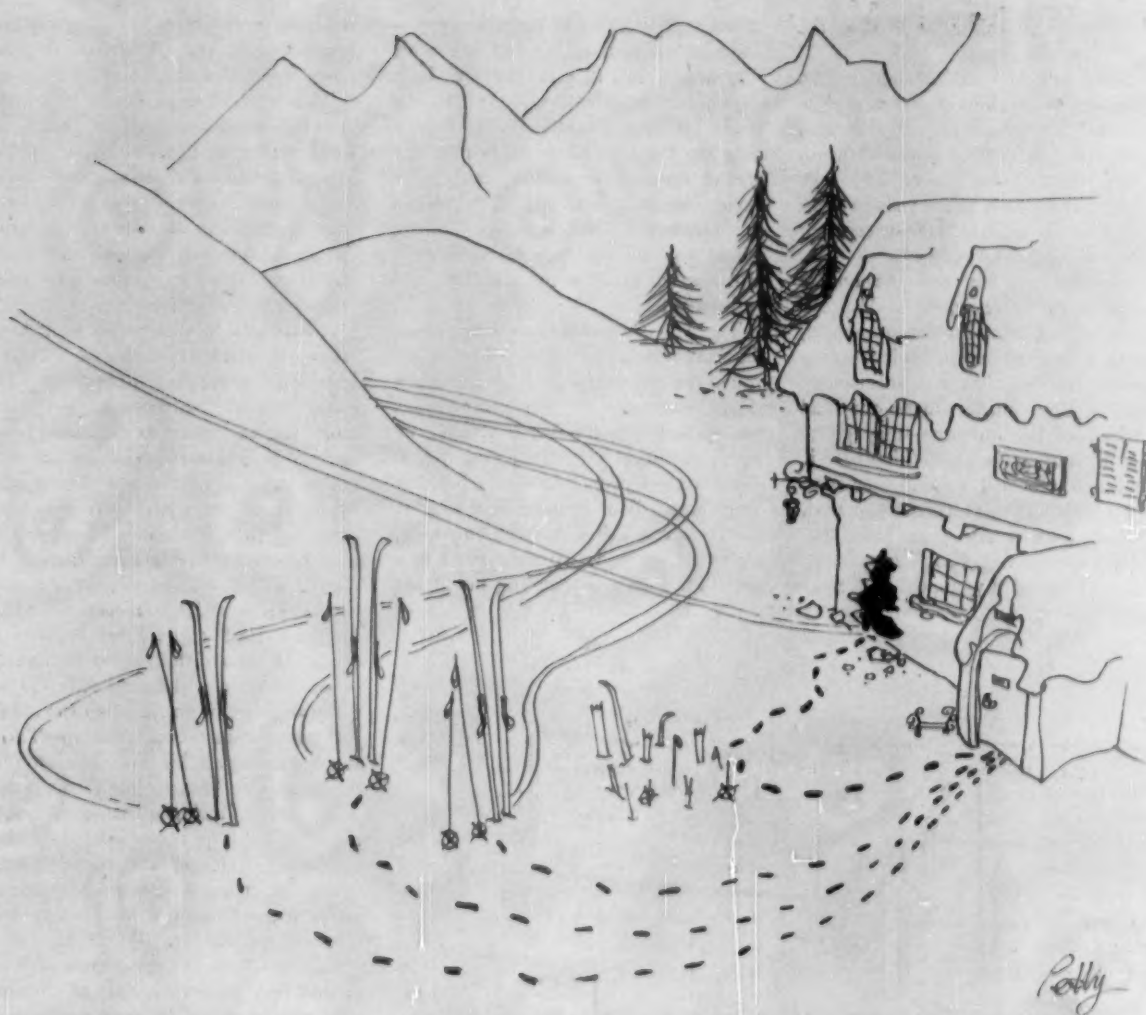
(The writer of the above will no longer be allowed to comment on Russian affairs in these columns.)

Pardonable Distress

"A young married woman who gave her age as 'under 21' broke down and wept in the witness-box at Ramsgate, Kent, when she told how a man pestered her with telephone calls. She said his voice was 'similar to that of Wilfred Pickles . . .'"

News of the World





Slowdown

By CLAUD COCKBURN

IN a big show-the-way shove to halt civil commotion and gunplay, and get traffic problems licked too, legislator G. B. Hanna, North Irish Minister of Home Affairs, has faced the wicked with a 10 m.p.h. speed limit for motorists using "unapproved" roads within a mile-wide belt on the northern side of the Republican border. "Unapproved" roads are roads along which nobody is supposed to travel except properly paid-up smugglers, car thieves, and people on urgent political business.

The Minister plans to put up "barricades and obstructions of a semi-permanent nature on these roads. Since

any person observing the speed limit will be in no danger of colliding with these structures they will not necessarily be lighted." This is extremely nice and solves nearly everything, because if you manage not to wreck yourself on an unlighted road block as you watch out for the Welcome to Northern Ireland sign you're legal, and on the other hand if you are discovered dead or mangled in the smash-up you can be heavily fined too.

Also, thinking still bigger, had the nations had a Hanna earlier, things would have been very different. In the 1930s you had to shade your eyes three times a month not to see a headline

telling of Mussolini's sweep across some border or Hitler's dash across another. At 10 m.p.h. they could not have done what they did. There is a class of person who has to move fast or he loses interest.

Thus it is on record that every morning, for about fifty years, the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria used to get the idea it would be wonderful to have more than one little can of hot water for his hip-bath, and shout to his valet to attend to the matter. Every morning the valet explained just how many forms would have to be filled, and orders signed, to get this age-old bit of Palace routine changed. Half-way through the list the monarch's dream

faded and he told the man to drop the whole idea.

Hanna has the right end of the psychology stick. Sound, too, would be to make it obligatory for gunmen, dynamiters and anyone else wishing to break violently into places and take things away, to have a man walk in front of them with a little flag—except, of course, on approved roads.

News reaching me from the border regions tells, however, of widespread dismay among many regular smugglers, who claim the 10 m.p.h. limit is going to deal a crippling blow to their business. A lot of the smaller men—the real backbone of the industry—may go to the wall, it is declared, if this order is enforced. Informed opinion, however, considers such reports much exaggerated. At least once every year since the border has been there, some newspaper—often inspired by eager police or

failed smugglers—has run a story proclaiming that smuggling has “sharply declined,” “lost its attraction” or been “brought under control.” I asked a police officer at Dundalk about this not long ago, thinking he would be rejoicing at the drop in smuggling cases then occupying the courts. He said “When the number of hangings goes down, would you say less people are getting murdered or just that the murderers are getting cuter?”

There are a lot of sad-faced men along the border who are very ready to tell you of the shocking days when, it seems, almost every closed vehicle on the roads was packed with thousands of pounds-worth of illegal cigarettes, and if you saw a funeral you could nearly bet that coffin was full of nothing but whisky. But those days, they say with emphasis, are over: everyone in these parts is a law-abiding citizen spending his nights

studying pamphlets on agricultural improvement, and the police, too, are more wonderful than ever.

That is their story, and if you make acquaintance, say in an hotel in Limerick or Belfast, with one of the expensive-looking characters believed—in the bad old days, of course—to have been making a packet out of organizing the trade, he will confirm that such things used to go on, but not any more, and offer you a big cigar.

It may well be that unless some kind of special identity card can be issued to *bona fide* smugglers to speed their transit through the Hanna go-slow zone, more use will have to be made once again of the railway services, which will not be affected by the new regulations. At one time the trains were generally preferred to the roads. There was a busy business man who gained a notable reputation for temperance and restraint because when he travelled on the Dublin-Belfast express he ordered a single big glass of stout at the beginning of the journey, and he nursed it right through the trip, not quaffing the stuff, just taking a small occasional sip. Then some oaf jogged his arm just as the customs officer was passing through the dining-car, and what splashed out on to the table-cloth was not just stout but a number of bright and costly jewels which the business man had placed for safety at the bottom of the glass before reaching the border.

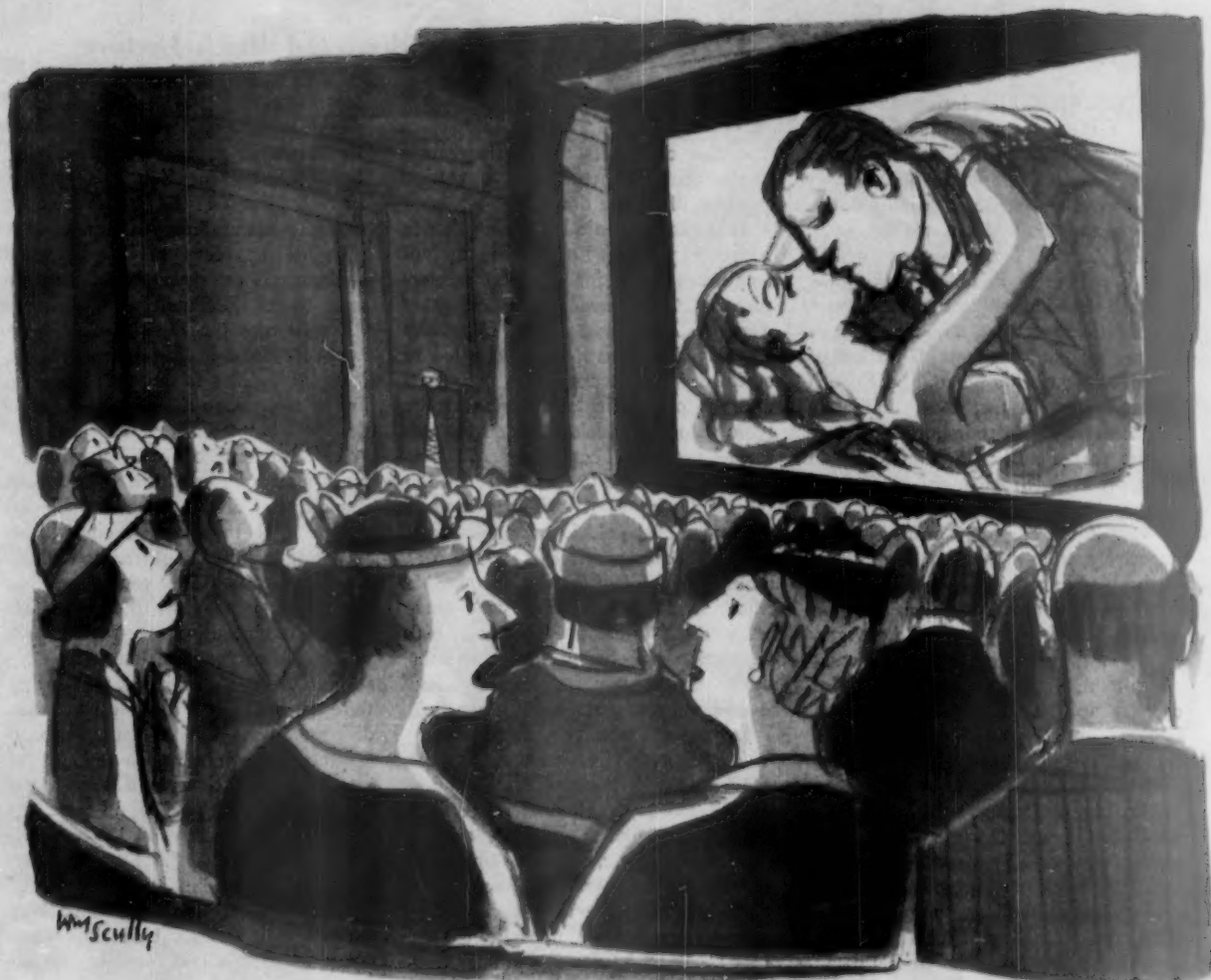
Sad, too, was the experience of one of that very numerous class of citizens who used to travel by train across the border in very old and ragged suits of clothes, and after getting aboard the train lock themselves into the lavatory where they threw their old suits out of the window and put on very new ones which, on arrival at destination, could be sold for a good price.

This man, who had been in a hurry when he picked up the parcel with the new suit in it, went through the first part of the routine, and, when he had pushed the old suit out on to the line, opened the parcel and found that what he had in which to face the customs officers was a very fine coat and waistcoat but no trousers.

This is the kind of hazard to which regular traders may be exposed again by the activities of political hotheads who are making road travel so slow and inconvenient.



"Hamlet Shakespearovich Alexandrovski . . ."



"At this point in the TV version they had a man throwing a vase on the potter's wheel."

Madeline Slade

(Miss Madeline Slade, who left England to become a disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, is now keeping a clinic for sick sacred cows.)

OH who remembers Madeline Slade,
Who twenty-eight years ago this year
Slipped from the lap of the London Season
And went away without rhyme or reason
To follow a prophet's queer career
And lie on a bed herself had made:

To fuse the fight of the would-be free
With wholly heavenly aspirations,
To wear the *khaddar* instead of silk,
And toil at spinning and live on milk,
And hamper imperial machinations,
And sit at the feet of Mahatma G.?

Freedom is now no more to play for
And non-resistance a trifle frayed.
The Master's heirs have emerged of late
As strong-armed, secular heads of state:
And who remembers Madeline Slade
And the high hopes she ran away for?

Only, it seems, the cows, whose ills
The locals don't give a lot of thought to,
But Madeline Slade the mystic mends
And organizes and superintends,
As an English admiral's daughter ought to,
Alone in the lonely Masouri hills.

P. M. HUBBARD

Dr. P*vsnr's England : an undelivered Reith Lecture

By JOHN BOWLE

THERE is, I think you will agree, a certain duality in the architecture of the English public house. Where, on the Continent, it is customary to take one's refreshment sitting down, perhaps at little tables along the street, in England, if I may say so, with a certain hypocrisy, it is usual to consume one's liquor indoors and standing up. It has followed that, however it may appear to consumers towards the end of the evening, the design of the English bar has been in fact more uniformly horizontal, with a certain hard angularity at the corners, than is often found in the more undulating construction of the Continental "*bistro*."

Now if we consider, positively and negatively, what this means, it will send us back ultimately to the architecture, so monotonously repetitive, of the English pig-sty of the Middle Ages. Here, in contrast to the more picturesque and, if I may say so, rococo designs to be found in Flanders, Holland, and Northern Italy, there is a characteristically disingenuous attempt to make the occupants what you English call "snug," although in England, as on the Continent, the animals are equally destined for the knife. The design of these structures is thus again humble, inconspicuous—in a word, compromising. We have here, as in an English bar, a horizontal planning, though the pigs in their apotheosis,

like the customers, fulfil their most characteristic functions in a vertical position, if upside down.

It is not therefore surprising that in my journeys about England in search of significant detail for my next masterpiece, "*Prolegomena to the Study of English Lokarchitecture Cosmically Considered*," I have often been led to assess the importance of the horizontal and the perpendicular in creating the basic mood in which so much English architecture has been designed. It is a mood which the Continentals call the *spleen*. It has been well expressed in the design of the old London and South Western Railway refreshment room at Basingstoke, and of the station-master's office at Bilston, Staffs, with their horizontal liver-coloured brick courses contrasting so beautifully with the zigzag vertical supports of window and roof in maroon marble.

As you will see in a moment, the "*spleen*" is an all-pervasive quality not confined to architecture only. It stands out, if I may say so idiomatically, a mile in the painting of many of your great masters—Landseer, for example, or Millais. In the former's "Monarch of the Glen" there is at once a subconscious attempt to escape from the limitations of the human condition and a transferred defiance of the conventions of the day, while, in "Bubbles," a superficial sentimentality masks a splenetic and perhaps justified hatred of the Victorian child.

Another expression of this basic contradiction would appear to be the muffled, amateurish quality of much English landscape. All is veiled; as you say, subfusc. It is a claustrophobic world—humble, vulgar and inconsiderable compared with the mighty deserts of the Sahara or Arizona, with the stark peaks of the Himalayas or even of the Alps, or with the boundless expanses of the tundra and the Arctic ice. How ridiculously endearing it is, if I may say so without offence, that Constable should have been naïvely content to paint such *banalités*.

It is not without significance that when Blake remarked to Hogarth "That, sir, is not sublimity," Hogarth replied "Take it or leave it, old boy." Consider

too, for example, Reynolds' celebrated painting "Boswell on the Tiles," or Raeburn's so popular "Little Fluffy's Daisy Chain," or Zoffany's typically English "Pussy in the Bath." There is also the extraordinary vogue of your so-called Sporting Prints, in which landscape is utterly subordinate to the most trivial anecdote, as in Brumley's "Dogs Down the Drain," and his too famous "Horse-Riding in the Veil."

This blindness to dramatic landscape brings us back to the original cause of the "*spleen*." The so what you call "*cosy*" ambience of the *lokal*, which in most foreigners would at once induce despair, has always been the English refuge, if I may remark it without forfeiting my fee, from the facts.

This accounts for your sheep-like conservatism. When the Victorians created the beautiful neo-gothic style, which one of your amateur critics has so kindly made familiar to us all, they were escaping from their time. How different from the wholehearted acceptance and *bravura* of Verdi's Italy, of the huge comprehensiveness of Wagner, the *terre-à-terre* quality of Zola's France, the constructive nihilism of Dostoevsky's Russia. Of course the English artists had a basic instability, a dualism of the soul. How, they must subconsciously have thought as they held themselves often so precariously upright against their "fair and square" support, can we reconcile our insular problem of being and not being, of the horizontal and the perpendicular?

I have given you this evening some illustrations of this basic and unacknowledged duality in English art. So many indeed are the examples, that I don't know when to stop. In my next lecture I will try to demonstrate that your English proverb is correct—"You can't have too much of a good thing."

§ §

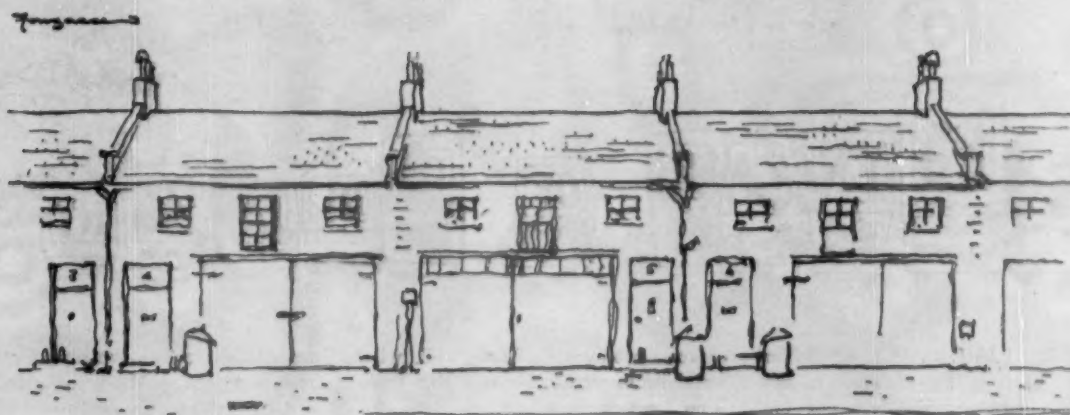
"World's tallest conductor—handsome, wavy-haired, 6 ft. 4 in. Rafael Kubelik . . . has arrived in London to take up his post as the new musical director of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden . . . Forty-one-year-old Mr. Kubelik, who might well have been spotted by a Hollywood talent scout if he hadn't become a composer and conductor at the age of 14 . . ."

Notes of the World

That made it difficult, of course.



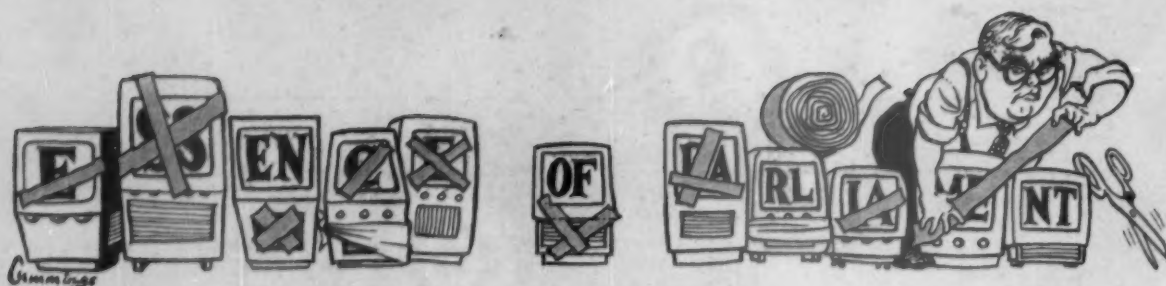
"Psst! Heroin?"



I can remember No. 5 Plantagenet Place Mews, when it housed (at fairly close quarters, of course, but they seldom complained) a chauffeur, his wife, his two small children and a rather dignified limousine . . .



Now it holds a fairly senior Civil Servant, his wife and two more or less grown-up daughters, an elder son (when not at Cambridge) and a younger son (when not at school), a niece who's learning to be an industrial welfare worker and interior decorator, but goes home for most week-ends, all the elder son's friends who need a bed for a night or two but presumably cannot remember the whereabouts of any London hotel, every casual guest who fails to realize how late it is and misses the last train to Land's End or John o' Groats, a number of relations who regularly come up to London for Motor Shows, Dog Shows, Dairy Shows, Christmas Shopping and Horse Shows and all other occasions when there isn't any possible hope of getting any sort of room anywhere else, several younger relations who have to sit for exams, and therefore need careful nurturing, and quite a lot of still younger ones who pass through at frequent intervals on their way to and from school and whose parents fondly consider them entirely incapable of doing anything for themselves. It also holds from time to time a selection of Daddy's friends from the United States and the Dominions and places, who don't actually sleep there (preferring the comparative quiet of an hotel on a main thoroughfare) but have most of their meals there and love to sit up most of the night laughing loudly over old times, and lastly but not leastly (since, in their case, instead of being hopefully urged to look after themselves they have to be constantly and actively discouraged from doing so) there are Peter (a Great Dane), Liquorice (a mongrel), Cholmondeley (a gingery cat) and Champion Goliath of Gath (a Peke).



MR. PAUL WILLIAMS on Monday led an army of his elders, if doubtless not his betters, in protest against the scrapping of the V1000. Mr. HECTOR HUGHES tried to emulate Imperious Caesar and stop a hole, in this case a legal one, and a Foreign Office official was suitably rebuked for having been beastly to Bulganin and his Crazy Gangsters, and then the House turned again to the Finance Bill.

As it wound its way at last wearily to sea a little before Tuesday midnight, Mr. BUTLER announced that, like Clive, he stood astonished at the moderation of the attacks of his Hon. Friends on the Profits Tax. But Clive, to do him justice, never stood astonished at anybody else's moderation. He stood astonished at his own moderation—in helping himself to only half the till when he might have helped himself to the lot. Mr. BUTLER's obvious wish was to be attacked by the Socialists for having soaked the poor with Purchase Tax and then to be attacked by the Conservatives for having soaked the rich with Profits Tax and thus to end up all square.

Not Tough Enough

Mr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. PITMAN and Mr. FREETH did their best to oblige, but perhaps it did not quite come off. Like Edwardes' cheerfulness, good manners came breaking in, and they are none of them, if truth be told, quite cast for the rôle of "hard-faced men." And now, the Finance Bill in sight of the end, "the Government may consider," says *The Times* Political Correspondent, "the possibility of some new initiative—such as the publication of a White Paper on the economic situation—to reinforce the measures taken to check inflation and to bring more stability to the

national economy." Well, well, what scandal-monger can say now that there is no hand on the tiller?

Wednesday's debate on the 14-day rule was by far the best of the session simply because the Whips were off and Members could therefore for a change say what they thought—also because the divisions of opinion ran closely along the one real line of division in the present Parliament, that between Back Benches and Front.

Common Bond

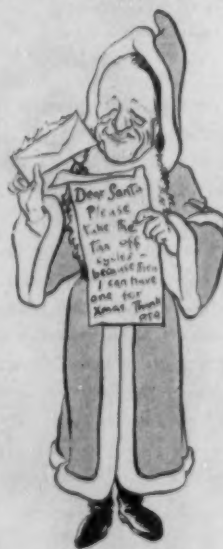
It turned out that when they were given the chance to say so Members differed a good deal on a good many things and indeed agreed only in one opinion—that of general detestation for the Editor of *The Times*. But the trouble was that the presupposition of the Front Bench case is so ludicrous that it is quite impossible to take them seriously. The presupposition is that six hundred odd independent men and

women arrive at Westminster with fresh and open minds, listen attentively to the brilliant arguments—deployed by the speakers from the two Front Benches—the "cut and thrust of debate" is the favourite phrase. Then, confident that having heard these speeches they have heard all that there is to be said on either side of the case, they consult their consciences and cast a vote. Their independent judgment might perhaps be impaired if, before coming to the House, they had allowed their minds to be prejudiced by having heard somebody say something on the radio.

Saving Face

We must not have "simultaneous debates" on the radio and in Parliament, said Captain CROOKSHANK, or the prestige of Parliament will be damaged. But at present we do not have debates at all. It is all very well to say that Mr. Speaker selects the speakers in the House of Commons, but by custom Mr. Speaker has to select such Front Benchers as offer themselves. The Front Bench speakers tend to hog more and more of the time of the House. Speeches from the back benches, even if they are lucky enough to be delivered, are rarely reported. It is more near to the truth to say that the Front Benches have already prevented their measures from being debated in Parliament and are now going forward to prevent them from being debated elsewhere. To Captain CROOKSHANK it is a disadvantage of radio debates that the speakers do not necessarily put "the orthodox views of the parties." To others that is the one thing that makes them tolerable.

Mr. GRIMOND was unanswerably right in saying that it was complete rubbish to suggest that the minds of Members were unduly influenced by talks on the radio. As he said, we



frequently hear Press articles quoted in Parliamentary debates but never talks on the radio. What the country needs to-day is Members of Parliament who have minds. When we have got that it will be time enough to talk about what influences them. One thing at a time.

The trouble with the arguments of Dr. HILL and Captain CROOKSHANK is that logically they would make just as good a case for the suppression of newspapers and books as for the suppression of broadcasting. Of course they denied this, and Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. GORDON WALKER, sporting the Old School Tie of the Privy Council, obediently supported them from the other side of the House.

Been Here Before

Broadcasting, they said, is quite different from the Press because Broadcasting commands attention and is a monopoly. It was odd to find Conservatives despairing so soon of their own work in destroying the B.B.C.'s monopoly, though Dr. HILL did say that it might be possible to think again when the I.T.A. had grown up a bit. But what was truly ominous was the exact coincidence between all their arguments and the arguments for the control of printing when printing was first invented, and against the reporting of Parliamentary debates when that was tried in the eighteenth century. The belief that things grow healthier in freedom is, it seems, no longer held on either Front Bench.

Some of the minutiae of the present ruling—such as, for instance, the

prohibition on discussion of Private Members' bills—will almost certainly go. At the moment there is a bill on the Order Paper to Change the Designation of Sanitary Inspectors. Not even Captain CROOKSHANK will maintain that the State would be in danger if that grave matter should be discussed by a Member of Parliament on the air. But the principle of some restriction, hitherto only accepted by the Front Benches, has now been accepted, if rather ungraciously, by the House.

As for the debate, Mr. AMERY would have us broadcast Parliament directly as they do in Australia. Mr. GRIMOND once more exercised a Liberal's privilege to lambast most effectively both Party machines. Mrs. MANN spoke a lot of sense very slowly. Mr. DONNELLY

advanced from delightful reminiscences about Northern Irish politics, excused by his duty of congratulating the Member for Londonderry on his maiden speech, to a very eloquent plea for the enlargement of the area of debate and denunciation of "the mean and petty limitation of the 14-day rule." Mr. CHARLES PANNELL attacked Sir ROBERT BOOTHBY so violently that Sir ROBERT walked out of the Chamber in protest. But then Sir ROBERT never was much of a one for listening to other people's speeches, and this was probably to him as good an excuse for going out as any other.

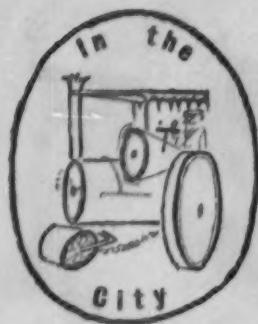
On Friday Sir LIONEL HEALD thought that there was a great deal too much noise—and so there is. He was against it.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Front Bench Mutual Defence Pact.





Profit of Doom

WE have reached a stage in capitalist development where profits are considered improper and the declaration of a decent dividend is deemed tactless, brazen, irresponsible. Central economic policy deals in fretful entreaties: the unions are implored to practise "restraint," the bankers are petitioned to press on with the credit squeeze, industry is asked to play the game and plough back as much profit as possible. Mr. Butler is like the poor schoolmaster in *The Blackboard Jungle*, at the mercy of his wards, afraid of using the big stick for fear of reprisals, and attempting to win discipline by cajolery.

I am not blaming the Chancellor: he is the victim of circumstances, of full employment and social revolution. But it is time, I think, to suggest that the price of appeasement is altogether too high.

When profits are ploughed back into a public company the ordinary shareholders acquire additional claims on the business: their shares are backed by fresh capital equipment and the promise of bigger profits in years to come. Unfortunately there is no guarantee that the resultant improvement (if any) in the market value of these shares will prove adequate compensation for sacrificed dividends. The state of the industry and the economic efficiency of the business unit may not justify the directors' hopes: there may be insufficient scope for expansion, no real basis for projected improvements in profitability. Moreover investors may feel that the ploughing-back programme is to be permanent and that future profits are heavily mortgaged by the board's unremitting take-it-from-here policy.

Under conditions of ideal capitalism all funds for new capital development would be raised by public subscription. The investor would be invited to shoulder new responsibilities, take new risks. And a company's ability to raise

the wind would depend on the market's assessment of its prospects. Under the present system of boardroom stinginess and appeasement we are allowing the industrial structure of the country to become petrified. The investor's job is being done for him. Capital that should be allowed to flow freely is diverted into old channels: new and needy industries are deprived of essential resources, and established industries and industrial units, some of them long past their best, are kept going by copious and undeserved transfusions of financial plasma.

The unions support the ploughing-back of profits because they believe that chances of steady employment in an industry depend on the amount of capital locked up in it. Boardrooms support it in the interests of "industrial peace" and because this type of capital levy is administratively so simple. For



Worthy of his Hire?

THE days are short, the fields are sodden, there is very little work to do on the farm apart from the routine of milking and all the chores of feeding and bedding down the stock. The cowman's kept busy; he's no problem. But it's quite a headache trying to think of some useful job for the tractor driver and the odd man, neither of whom I dare put off, because were I to do so I would not be able to obtain their services in the spring, when they will both be needed. Labour is expensive, the labourer is scarce, which drives you to the paradoxical situation where you pay him £1 for doing nothing: more energetic than carrying your wife's shopping basket.

I know of several neighbouring farmers in a similar predicament. They are driven crazy trying to think of useful work to be done. They start off by having their farm whitewashed—until some hint is dropped that the Union is

my part I regard deep ploughing as dangerous, wasteful, autocratic and destructive of the essential flexibility of capitalism. So there!

* * * * *
Meanwhile long-shot punters are trying to decide which of the motor companies will eventually throw in its lot with Harry Ferguson and his new peasants' car. If the vehicle proves as wonderful as the predictions of Fleet Street there should in time be handsome returns for holders of the relevant investments. Standard, Ford, British Motors, Rootes...? Motor Ordinaries (at twice their 1935 values) now look cheaper than at any time in the last year, and yields are pretty good. Rootes, Rover, B.M.C. and Standard are all returning more than six per cent.

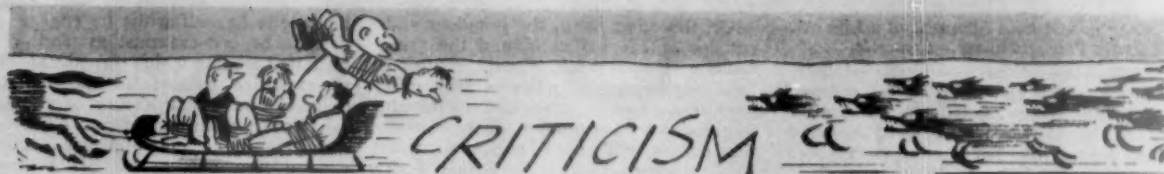
The "Fergie," may I add, already has the approval of Lord Chandos and Sir Miles Thomas.
MAMMON

* * * * *
unlikely to approve. Then, abandoning that, the tractor driver is put to such footling jobs as pruning the apple trees and manuring the roses. Sensing the farmer's difficulty, the labourer thinks he will help matters by taking as long about the job as possible. He prunes as leisurely as he can, he even tries to oblige by reading a novel up in the tree, little realizing that it is no comfort to the farmer who sits in his study and bites his nails, as he realizes that if every apple next year was worth 5s. he'd still be out of pocket, when the labourer has taken seven days to prune half a dozen decrepit trees.

I myself tried to solve the problem by sending the men down to the woods to cut timber for firewood. There seemed to be a fair demand for logs and I accepted orders to deliver several loads at £2 10s. a ton. According to my optimistic calculations I could get five tons of logs cut every day, which would cover their wages and cost of tractor oil, etc.

Perhaps they thought they were obliging me by cutting only one ton a day. At any rate, after a week of that I think it would pay me better to buy a few sacks of coal and give it to the people who'd ordered the logs. As to my labourers, they'd put me to less expense if they took their wages and stayed in bed. Or perhaps I could start a poker school in the cow shippen and win their wages back plus P.A.Y.E.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Their Times

Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times. John Evelyn Wrench. Hutchinson, 30/-

IT quite often happens that in memoirs, biographies and other pious tributes to the eminent dead the illustrations are more interesting and informative than the text. A case in point is the illustration with the caption "Scarborough" in Sir Evelyn Wrench's biographical study of Geoffrey Dawson, who was Editor of *The Times* (with a short break) from 1911 to 1941. It shows five characters wearing tweeds and carrying guns—Dawson on the extreme left, Neville Chamberlain in the middle, and next to Chamberlain, Lord Halifax. Their expressions, postures and accoutrements somehow explain more effectively than any written words just how it happened that, in the course of a decade or so, British power and influence in the world should have undergone so startling a diminution.

Sir Evelyn has, wisely, let Dawson speak for himself by drawing lavishly on his journal, correspondence and contributions to *The Times*. The picture which emerges is both fascinating and horrifying. It recalls more vividly than any of the innumerable polemical works and memoirs dealing with the same period the process which has brought us to our present plight. "We discussed oratory and 'first-class brains,' for both of which he [Baldwin] expressed great contempt," Dawson recorded of one of his early conversations with Bonar Law's successor as Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party.

Dawson and Baldwin suited each other perfectly. The combination operated smoothly and adroitly through the period of the National Government, of the Abdication and on to Chamberlain, Munich and its grisly aftermath, when they and all their associates and everything they stood for found a temporary oblivion. What is so difficult now, remembering them again, is to understand what manner of spell was laid upon them. They were honourable, well-intentioned, gifted men. Yet Dawson could write in a letter to the Geneva correspondent of *The Times*,

and his biographer can record, apparently without wincing: "I do my utmost, night after night, to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their [the Nazis'] susceptibilities." Has British journalism, I wonder, ever sunk to a lower point than this? By comparison, the sensationalism, intrusions into personal privacy, and cheesecake enterprises which constantly provide a theme for homilies on the degeneracy of modern journalism, pale into insignificance. Sir Evelyn describes how, when



Northcliffe died, *The Times* was "saved" by Colonel Astor from the vulgar clutches of the first Lord Rothermere. But saved for what?—for the Editor to labour nightly to avoid distressing sensitive souls like Hitler, Goebbels and Goering.

It is quite clear that if the Nazis had been allowed to appoint the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Editor of *The Times* they could not possibly have hoped to be better served than they were by Chamberlain, Lord Halifax and Dawson. I suspect that the view in the Kremlin would be that they are equally well served by to-day's incumbents. After all, suppose that if, as the result of some ingenious subterfuge, Burgess had become Editor of

The Times, he would scarcely have felt it prudent to support (as *The Times* has, in fact, done) the claims of Outer Mongolia to a place at the United Nations. And Maclean as Foreign Secretary might well have considered that, for appearance's sake, it would be wiser to let the accusation that Bulganin was hypocritical stand, and possibly even to envisage, at any rate, the withdrawal of his and Khrushchev's invitation to visit this country after their recent unmannerly and grotesquely untrue outbursts in India.

The puzzle that presents itself is why individuals, classes and social orders seem to seek to encompass their own ruin. What induces them to move somnambulistically to their doom? If this question had been referred to Dawson he would probably have thought the questioner certifiable. In his own eyes he was shoring up the walls of Jericho, not blowing a trumpet to bring them down. As he popped in and out of 10 Downing Street, the House of Commons and Cliveden, he imagined himself to be repairing, not enlarging, breaches in the dykes which so precariously keep out the flood-tide of barbarism. His directives to his staff at Printing House Square had the same intention. In them he used a peculiarly sleek diction which was highly characteristic—for instance, this, shortly before the Abdication crisis:

"The Duke and Duchess of York are coming back from Scotland to-morrow. Will you write a little piece congratulating them on the success of their visit and welcoming them home? I think this is the opportunity you've been waiting for to try and spread the loyalty of our readers a little more widely over the Royal Family."

Probably the answer to the riddle is that a ruling class which has become unsure of itself, and fearful to the point of apology of losing privileges and material advantages which it has no longer any sense of deserving, tends to produce a type of individual at once gullible and pitiable, whose qualities of intelligence, pertinacity and devotion to the public good are all directed to finding occasions to surrender.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Lord Crewe: The Likeness of a Liberal. James Pope-Hennessy. *Constable*, 21/-

In his two volumes on Crewe's father, Monckton-Milnes, Mr. Pope-Hennessy excitedly reconstructed the disparate Victorian worlds which were brought into contact by that gossip enthusiast. Now he has taken on the high-minded, judicious son. Although nice men are essential to any system of government that requires acceptance by the governed, they rarely increase the sum of human happiness outside their immediate circle, and perhaps this is why they rarely make good biographies. However often Mr. Pope-Hennessy urges that Crewe was widely read and universally respected, he does not prove that anything he did made much difference to history.

In a well-bred, industrious kind of way Crewe kept the Parliamentary machine working; but Mr. Pope-Hennessy seems uneasily aware that the courteous hospitality he himself remembers would not be much defence against any serious attack, on his hero's economic policy, for example. There are some new details of the negotiations over the Parliament Act in which Crewe's colourless integrity gives a probably undeserved impression of ineffectual Machiavellism. It is a pity that Mr. Pope-Hennessy, except in an occasional feline felicity, should have damped down his own style, no doubt from mistaken loyalty.

R. G. G. P.

Occasion of Glory. Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Cape*, 13/6

In the 1930s Mr. Calder-Marshall displayed an outstanding mastery of technique and classical sense of form; his style was sharp and clear, his backgrounds economically and vividly observed. Exotic settings, however, seem to bring out in him a latent streak of romanticism, already perceptible in *The Way to Santiago*; and in this latest Mexican novel the passionate affair between a beautiful English lost-girl widow and a masterfully masculine police chief of peasant origin, obsessed by an idealistic love of his native soil, is treated in a rhapsodical manner reminiscent of E. M. Hull, with a strong admixture of the later D. H. Lawrence.

On the other hand, the grandeur and squalor of Mexico itself, and the grim sadistic Easter-Week ritual, resulting from suppression of religious faith in a primitive community, are described with impressive power; though one hopes that the author will soon revert to that English scene which, in his earlier work and excellent post-war autobiography, he depicted so admirably.

J. M.-R.

Song at the Year's Turning. R. S. Thomas. *Hart-Davis*, 12/6

There is something unparochial about big hills. R. S. Thomas is a lyric poet who writes about the parish of Wales of which he is rector, the sparse population whose whole existence is working their thin soil; he expresses the pessimism native to such agriculture, and the despair of a man who holds a cure of such souls. This small world is a great asset to his writing; its nakedness, harshness and isolation provide honest symbols and pose straightforward questions in a way denied to the cosier parishes of the home counties.

Mr. Thomas's gifts suit his world; he does not go in for *hucyl*; he has a sober singing voice, a kinship with the less grotesque of Wordsworth's simplicity; one poem, for instance, is very like "The Brothers." Most of the poems are short, but the longer ones are just as good.

P. D.

Confessions of a Nihilist. Eric Siepmann. *Gollancz*, 16/-

Mr. Siepmann was a famous playboy of the 'twenties and an important Foreign Correspondent in the early 'thirties. He knew the smart-politics world, the film-financial world, the idealistic, League of Nations world and the world of starvation and war. His autobiography is extremely entertaining and eccentric, especially in the frank discussion of his first marriage, to Benita Hume.

It is also of some historical importance as an honest record of the changes of opinion that Mr. Siepmann is sometimes worried at finding he has shared with his contemporaries, however hard he has tried to argue things out for himself. He moved from job to job, often ones requiring more ability and industry than

he credits himself with; he engaged in periods of self-examination and concentrated reading which turned suddenly to explosive follies; he watched the political and social history of the last thirty years from a good seat. There is a very funny account of being involved with a film written by Sir Winston Churchill to celebrate the Silver Jubilee.

R. G. G. P.

My Bones and My Flute. Edgar Mittelholzer. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6

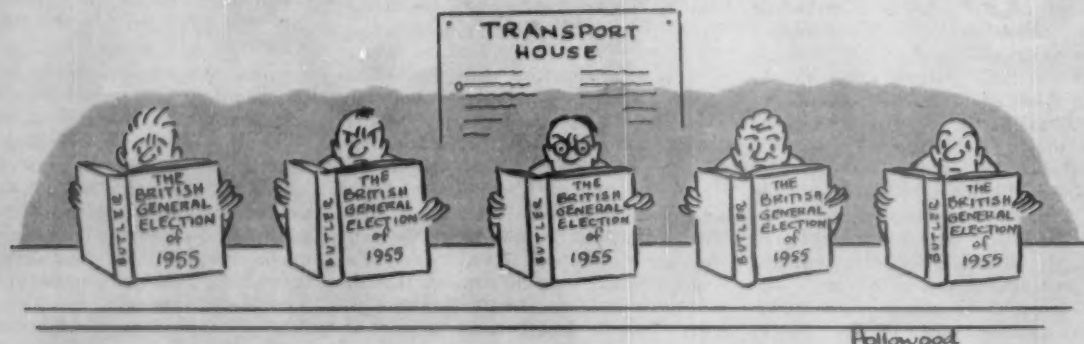
This is the story of a haunting, and the quality of its telling plunges between vivid descriptive writing, which at times brings a scene clean out of the page into three-dimensional colour, and some of the most improbable dialogue ever to see print. ("I've always been a thorough sceptic of the supernatural," says one victim, fresh from a feast of horrific manifestations—"but after to-night I would have to be insincere to myself if I continued to take up a scoffing attitude.")

The setting is in the British Guiana jungle, and the haunted are a sawmill owner and his family whose lives become dominated by supernatural flute-playing, grey shapes which seep into their bodies during sleep, and irresistible beckonings to walk to their death. ("Oh, I hate all this mystery and horror," says daughter Jessie, with pardonable petulance.) Nevertheless, there is a compulsion to read. And when Mr. Mittelholzer really gets going with a big haunting—provided his characters keep their mouths shut—a scoffing attitude is by no means easy to take up.

J. B. B.

Behind the Mirror. Robin Maugham. *Longmans*, 10/6

Not being among those who having enjoyed a novel proceed on second thoughts to condemn it, I must say at once that Mr. Robin Maugham is a readable and entertaining writer: anyone starting on *Behind the Mirror* is likely to finish it. He is also unassuming. If his book lacks profundity of thought, subtlety of characterization and that enviable ability to evoke the very smell of an exotic background, it also lacks any pretension to do more than tell a good story. In this the author succeeds



Hollowood

admirably. Our expectations are roused, and they are satisfied. While writing a film script about a dead actress the narrator sets out to solve the mystery behind the retirement from public affairs of a diplomat with whom the actress had been in love. In doing this he contrasts brilliantly the truth and the film formula previously imposed on it. The character of the ex-diplomat is drawn not without insight, though the background of the book is filled with a conventional collection of film and colonial types.

Mr. Maugham's school of writing is one that had been brought into existence by the needs of the film world, as he is well aware. Here, says his narrator, with the homosexual element eradicated, is the stuff of a film. O. M.

Hickory, Dickory Dock. Agatha Christie. Collins, 10/6

There have been queer goings on at Mrs. Nicoletis's hostel for students and young professionals of both sexes and sundry shades of colour—apparently a rogue kleptomaniac at work. But when M. Poirot applied his grey cells and greying moustaches to the list of missing things—some cheap jewellery, lipstick and powder compact, a valuable diamond ring, a stethoscope, a rucksack and silk scarf both slashed to pieces, an odd dress-shoe, several electric light bulbs, an old pair of flannel trousers—it did not take him long to break down the list into significant groups; to suspect a formidable law-breaking conspiracy behind the camouflage of the various thievings; to diagnose as murder the supposed suicide of the kleptomaniac; and finally to pin down the criminal; but not before two more corpses had been provided to make up the ration.

This is something better than the mere mixture as before. The mystifications are most ingeniously and plausibly contrived, and convincingly unravelled. The many characters are adroitly sketched in with sufficient detail to make them interesting. In brief, an excellent entertainment.

Pernickety fans will perhaps think that the incriminating rucksack has to bear too much weight, and anyway ought certainly to have been destroyed, not merely tucked behind a furnace for the police to find. J. P. T.

First Train to Babylon. Max Ehrlich. Gollancz, 10/6

From time to time one is impressed to find thrillers that are better than they need be. No doubt Mr. Ehrlich's publishers were commercially wise, if intellectually inaccurate, in describing his book as "a detective story." A detective story needs a detective, which this has not; its dénouement should be its climax; here it is a mere tapering. But the people are real and round, and the writing is intelligent and compelling. Part One of the book, which proves to be



a long and almost irrelevant flashback, could take its confident place in a collection of good modern short stories. The theme is one of unwilling but irresistible suspicion between man and wife, and is worked out with great skill. J. B. B.

The Gay Delavals. Francis Askham. Cape, 21/-

The title of this book is not altogether apt. The gaiety of the Delavals of Seaton Delaval, in their eighteenth-century generations, is less evident than their silliness. They were silly alike in their loves and their lavishness; and when they were circumspect they were prone to be sordid. Their wealth came from coal and went up in profitless smoke. Nevertheless Mr. Francis Askham, observing them in their comings and goings between the great house which Vanbrugh built them on their Northumbrian acres and the drawing-rooms, green-rooms and even less reputable haunts of London and the watering-places, has constructed a richly entertaining picture of low life above stairs.

The mass of old papers which was his principal material has not overawed him. He has brought to its interpretation imagination and fancy and wields a lively if not always careful pen. At times, when he warms to his theme, one seems almost to catch from his pages an echo of the shimmering periods of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. F. B.

First Four Minutes. Roger Bannister. Putnam, 15/-

After reading this book one is left wondering whether its purpose is the vindication of much-criticized training methods which it undoubtedly achieves; an example to would-be runners of what can be accomplished provided (in Bannister's opinion) the ability has been born into the individual; an honest attempt to record for posterity the steps leading up to the first mile run in less than four minutes; or Bannister rushing into print for the benefit of the Amateur Athletic Association Coaching Fund.

At the time of Bannister's so-called Olympic failure at Helsinki, the newspapers certainly reached some harsh

conclusions which were mainly answered by later performances, but the author's contention that his defeat was partly attributable to the unexpected decision which called upon him to run on three consecutive days suggests that his training plan was very finely balanced. A. V.

The Call to Honour. General Charles de Gaulle. Cullin, 18/-

The Call to Honour: Documents. Collins, 25/-

General de Gaulle's war memoirs, of which the French edition was reviewed in these pages on February 9, now appear in an English version by Jonathan Griffin. The stylistic excellence so widely commended in the French does not seem to have survived translation, but the general's remarkable personality emerges vividly from his story. De Gaulle's intransigent *l'état-c'est-moi-ism*, of which he is frankly and critically aware, might suggest a pompous and earnest writer; on the contrary, he is colourful and exciting, with a flair for laconic character-delineation: one recollects his thumbnail sketch of the unhappy Muselier, "*Il est protestant, et il boit du whisky*." This book rekindles a genuinely heroic lustre now hidden by the smuts of post-war politics.

The relevant documents are collected in a fat companion volume. Some of the briefer ones might have been better in de Gaulle's text, but on the whole the arrangement, which leaves the general's book a tolerable size, justifies itself. B. A. Y.

Christmas with the Savages. Mary Clive. Macmillan, 10/6

The Savages were not cannibals (exactly) as little Evelyn supposed when she received her first invitation to a country house-party. "Lady Tamerlane's grandchildren are sure to be nice," said her governess. "It will be fun for you having Christmas with the Savages." It is more fun for those of us, old enough to remember the "naggle" (suggested collective noun) of Edwardian nurses, muslin frocks and painful hat elastics, to read about the savage children with their nurses and nursemaids than it was for a precocious only child to mix with them. Evelyn wanted to impress the grown-ups with her pretty manners, and to outshine the other children, but she was not appreciated—even when she suggested writing to her Mamma in Italian, a language not known to her.

The book is dedicated to the author's daughter: it begins tiresomely—"When I was a little girl I lived in a house . . . which you would have thought rather grand and very dull. You might also have thought my parents were dreadfully old and stiff, but I was used to them." That is the worst sort of pandering, and the smear of it blurs a story that might otherwise have been very amusing in its own right. B. E. B.

AT THE PLAY



Anniversary Waltz (LYRIC)
The Iron Harp (GUILDFORD)

SELDOM, in the much-abused name of comedy, can such a rag-bag of familiar odds and ends as *Anniversary Waltz* have been ferried all the way across the Atlantic. However amusing it may have seemed in New York, it remains a baffling import. The little man who goes on nursing the myth that he is master in his own home, the tyrannical mother-in-law, the tipsy hen-pecked father-in-law, the odious children from an express-yourself school, all these are brought out hopefully by JEROME CHODOROV and JOSEPH FIELDS as proven ways of raising laughter. But although prodigal with clichés, these authors practice a notable economy in business. Having decided, for instance, that all-in back-slapping is funny, they run it right through the evening until our shoulders begin to turn vicariously blue; and having asked one another if anything could split sides more surely than a TV screen kicked in, and then exploding all over the room, they give us a repeat of this—I must admit—pleasurable spectacle. One of the trusted jokes of the play is that the father of the obnoxious family is a naturally soft-spoken man with a quick temper and a voice of thunder up his sleeve. Where you or I, in a moment of

domestic vexation, would rap lightly with our pince-nez on an egg-cup and expect immediate attention, he roars until our ears ache. "You can't have enough of a good thing" may be a safe motto for the Theatre Royal at Winkle Bay, but we happen to be talking about the West End.

For honest measure a little brash sex is thrown in. Happily married for fifteen years, Mr. Walters gets drunk in self-defence against his wife's intolerable parents, and shocks them with the disclosure that a sixteenth year of bliss had been stolen prior to the official gun. On overhearing this exciting news his small daughter, stuffed full of Freudian priggery, puts it up on a children's problem panel to millions of viewers; and when her father very properly takes off his belt on her return, his wife goes over to the rebels and he walks out. After which the play totters on in the shadow of alimony to the inevitable reconciliation.

If satire had really been its game, the material was richly at hand, but I got the surprising feeling that the authors actually expected us to like the precocious children, the vulgarian in-laws, the hearty business partner and his moronic girl-friend, none of whom has a shred of charm. No doubt some social sting has been lost in a different climate, but wit is an international currency, and the drafts on it here are miserly.

From the charge of flabby acting which applies to several of the cast BARBARA KELLY and BERNARD BRADEN are most honourably exempt. They jockey together crisply and attractively, with a ready sense of irony, and the bricks they contrive to make with so little straw leave one anxious to see them in a comedy with an edge to it.

Good news of the survival of live theatre (which now has everything against it except a basic human instinct) comes from Guildford, where the excellent repertory company formed nine years ago has weathered a gallant struggle against local apathy to emerge at last as an accepted part of the town's life. This position is very much deserved, for the standard of acting and production is commendably high, and with something nearer security the quality of the plays has risen steadily. In one year's list we find Shakespeare, Molière, O'Casey, Eliot, Morgan, Maugham, Graham Greene, Wynyard Browne, N. C. Hunter, Roussin and Bridget Boland. Good reason for shouting, surely; moreover Guildford has the courage to try out new plays, four of them this year.

The latest, *The Iron Harp*, by JOSEPH O'CONOR, makes a moving plea that human feeling should over-ride political bitterness. Set in the disordered Ireland of 1920, it discovers a strong dramatic situation in a close friendship which has sprung up between an I.R.A. officer, blinded in an ambush, and the young Englishman who is his prisoner on parole. Mr. O'CONOR's language is often stirring, and he himself did it full justice in a fine performance as the blind man. Others in a good cast whose acting carried a polish remarkable in weekly rep—all credit to the producer, DAVID WILLIAM—were DENNIS CHINNERY, LINDA DIXON and DIARMUID KELLY.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Strong are Lonely (Piccadilly—30/11/55), but only one more week. *Dead on Nine* (Westminster—7/9/55) for criminologists, and *The Buccaneer* (Lyric, Hammersmith—14/9/55) for those who don't mind wit in a musical.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

Ballet Español de Pilar Lopez (PALACE)



NOT for the first time have visiting dancers done themselves an ill turn by keeping their best things in reserve for a change of programme. It was difficult to believe that Señora LOPEZ's troupe was unchanged when she presented her second bill. The temperamental alchemy which was so disappointingly lacking on the opening night worked its magic, and superb technique took fire.

Opinions seem to be divided over



Bud Walters—BERNARD BRADEN

(*Anniversary Waltz*)

Señora LOPEZ's new version of *The Three-Cornered Hat* which occupied the first half of the evening. MASSINE's spirited and fluent choreography has proved a curiously lifeless affair in recent attempts in this country to revive it; so perhaps it is not fair to cite it in comparison. But as now done by the Spaniards in an uninhibited native idiom, with no more than a polite gesture towards classical tradition, it is a most exciting entertainment—throbbing with Iberian warmth and with the Latin temperament at its most communicative.

Señora LOPEZ, as the Miller's Wife, mimes and dances with provocative enchantment, and PACO DE RONDA, with enlarged opportunities, makes the Miller a person to reckon with. The small theatre orchestra put delightful verve into DE FALLA's familiar music, and dresses and setting by an unnamed decorator were a welcome change after a rather dated and shabby Picasso of 1919.

For the rest, the Flamenco items are equal to the best we have seen in London, and a Zapateado number by FEDERICO CASADO, the company's ballet-master, is a feat of virtuosity which has to be seen to be believed. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

The Night of the Hunter
La Strada

HONESTY is the only thing. I should like to be able to say that of the week's six new films I was most impressed, not to say moved, by the Italian *La Strada*, which has won everything from golden opinions up to festival prizes; but actually I was much more interested, though again not moved, by *The Night of the Hunter* (Director: CHARLES LAUGHTON).

Some of the interest, I admit, probably comes from the fact that this is the first film Mr. LAUGHTON has directed—a fact which some critics have taken as an excuse for adopting a tone of lofty amusement, as if Mr. LAUGHTON were a schoolboy on the loose with his father's camera or at the very best an earnest amateur producing a pastiche of other people's work. I can only say that this piece, which undeniably has crudities and points of over-emphasis and possibly does make too much use of cinematic tricks, seemed to me strongly individual and variously striking as a film. It is not for people who wish to "lose themselves" in the story and feel deeply about the characters; the "X" certificate will keep away a great number of those in any event. But for anyone capable of detached appreciation, and particularly anyone able to take pleasure in the skilful and imaginative use of the conventional-size black-and-white screen, I think it is well worth while.

The period of the story (from a novel by DAVIS GRUBB) is the early nineteenth-thirties. The central figure is an itinerant

SHERRIFFS



[Night of the Hunter

Preacher Harry Powell—ROBERT MITCHUM; Rachel—LILLIAN GISH; A Doll
John—BILLY CHAPIN

preacher (ROBERT MITCHUM) with a pathologically murderous hate of women which he is certain is approved by the Almighty, with whom from time to time he holds a one-sided conversation. Once he is established as a maniacal murderer, the film concentrates on its main theme, his pursuit of two children who alone know the secret hiding-place of some money. The suspense throughout this chase is very well contrived and often strongly effective; and though the use of symbols (the owl and the rabbit, the spider's web) may sometimes appear a bit laboured, that is a minor fault.

The pursuit is along a river, and Mr. LAUGHTON's director of photography (STANLEY CORTEZ) has a field day. Any real film must depend mainly on its visual impact, and many of the visual effects here are magnificent. To be sure, they are mostly in one key—heavy black-and-white contrast, even silhouette; but it is a key that perfectly well suits the story and conveys the right atmosphere for it. Character and emotion are much less important: the thing will give most pleasure to people interested in technique; but even so, there is a concession to the tender-hearted in the person of LILLIAN GISH, who appears as a country-woman in time to give the fugitive children a home and the film a quite credible happy ending. People who seek "X" films on principle will probably be disappointed, but others may find much to enjoy.

About *La Strada* (Director: FEDERICO FELLINI) I can't help feeling uneasy; nearly all the important people find it emotionally overwhelming, and I seem to have been almost unmoved. The basis of the story is a very simple situation in which the personages can be represented

roughly by their characteristics: Zampanò the brutish strong man, Gelsomina the simple-minded girl, Il Matto the irresponsible kindly clown. Zampanò hires Gelsomina as his assistant; she loves the clown; Zampanò kills the clown and abandons Gelsomina; at last he hears that she has died, and the film ends on his sudden acquaintance with despair. It is a tragic, poetic fable—*fable* is the exact word; and the fact that it is done with the characteristic Italian roughness, closeness to reality (one can almost feel the open air) seems—to me—to show up the artificial foundation. My blind spot for good films is not very big, but this seems to hit it.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most of all in this crowded week I think I enjoyed the quite trivial but pleasantly done British comedy from ALAN MELVILLE's play, *Simon and Laura*. With this is a good short, *On Such a Night*, a sketch about Glyndebourne showing bits of a performance of *Figaro*. *The Tall Men* is a spectacular Western about a cattle-drive, with much magnificent scenery. Of the new ones (more about them next week), outstanding is *The Floods*, or *Les Diaboliques*—hypnotic suspense, shocks, and a snap ending (be sure to see it from the start). *Cockleshell Heroes* (30/11/55) continues.

Not one of the new releases was reviewed here at any length—unless you count the reissued *The Wizard of Oz* (14/2/40)—but in the "Survey" there was a note (16/11/55) about *The Glass Slipper*. Don't overlook the earlier ones, *Rififi* (13/7/55) and *Summer Madness* (12/10/55). RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR Sunday Creditors

THE "Brains Trust," screen version, has obviously come to stay. After years of futile panel gaming even the least cerebral of viewers are eavesdropping eagerly at the trust house, enjoying the pursuit of truth and the airing of opinions as a pleasant change from televised crossword puzzles and charades.

This programme has been improved by the adoption of a new studio set and new seating arrangements. The old straphanging overcrowding has been abolished and the speakers now sit, or lounge, in spatial comfort conducive to Sunday afternoon chin-wagging. But there is still room for improvement. The chairman, for some reason, still perches awkwardly, side-twisted to the cameras. He is still the invigilator, the ref. with his whistle—a hangover, that is, from the parlour games where strong chairmen are needed to keep the score, read the rules, force assailants apart and prevent unscrupulous gamblers from hogging the limelight. In my view the informality of the programme is marred by this survival of platformery and policemaniship.

The charm of the "Brains Trust" is its unpredictableness. There are times (when the team includes "characters" rather than brains) when we fear the worst and are surprised and delighted by the quality of the conversation dished up: there are other occasions when teams strong on paper prove horribly disappointing. The other week a panel consisting of Dr. Bronowski, Glyn Daniel, Peter Ustinov and Lady Violet Bonham Carter promised riches and produced only the rags and tatters of competent



(The Paragon
Lord Clandon—HARCOURT WILLIAMS; Maxwell Oliver—MICHAEL
BATES; Sir Robert Rawley—EDWARD CHAPMAN
Simon—WILLIAM LUCAS

disputation. Lady Violet was verbose, Bronowski pedantic, Daniel bored by the proceedings and Ustinov less than profound. This team decided—in no time—that there is no sign of Americanization in the English way of life—except perhaps the odd flamboyant necktie here and there. There was no mention of our current literature which is stiff with American novels, of American films, of American TV shows, TV advertising, American jazz, crooners or accents, American gadgets, fashions, drinks or manners. The common idea that the brainy are dangerously narrow in outlook was heavily underlined by this symposium.

In the same week it was announced that the Hallé concerts, quite the best of I.T.A.'s regular features, had been relegated from a peak-hour position in the programmes to outer space—to make room, presumably, for yet another transatlantic import. The advertisers and the viewing public prefer hop to Barbirolli, Broadway to Manchester.

Nikolaus Pevsner's pictorial summary of his Reith Lectures, "The Englishness of English Art," made excellent viewing. This was a return to old-style television, lantern-lecture stuff with the lecturer taking time off to clear his throat and tapping his pointer boldly to change the slides. But the pace was quite fast enough: indeed, my one criticism of the lecture is the formidable amount of hard fact and theory compressed into it. The pictures were handsome and brilliantly clear, but they were never on the screen long enough for me to digest the burden of Mr. Pevsner's analytical commentaries.

The TV screen now seems determined to convert Sundays into Saturdays. Where once we enjoyed thoughtful docu-

mentaries, the wiles of expert storytellers and quiet conversation pieces, we are now regaled by such workaday features as the "Show Band Show," "Movie Magazine," and American comedy films. A hebdomadal holiday from this kind of thing would be a joy—but not, alas, to all and sundry.

Barbara Burnham's production of *The Paragon* (by Roland and Michael Pertwee) very nearly succeeded in converting a sorry sliver of melodrama into acceptable theatrical entertainment. But not quite. The play's structural ribs are too obvious, and far too many of its lines fall clumsily on the ear. It is difficult enough to mix bigamy, blindness, desertion and heart failure into a satisfactory domestic episode: it is straining credulity beyond the limit when homicide and spiritualism are added for good measure. But Edward Chapman, Harcourt Williams, William Lucas and Aimée Delamain all did well in trying circumstances.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"When I blow the whistle I want you to come out fighting, hacking, tripping, body-checking, elbowing, scratching."

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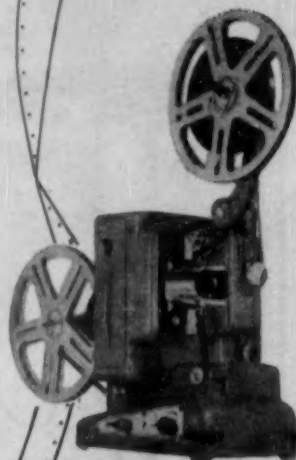
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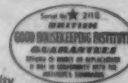
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As well as sacks, Bowater factories convert paper into many kinds of corrugated containers, fibre drums, protective packaging papers and paper bags; turn timber into hardboard, insulating board and acoustic panels, woodpulp into paper towels, tissues and handkerchiefs.

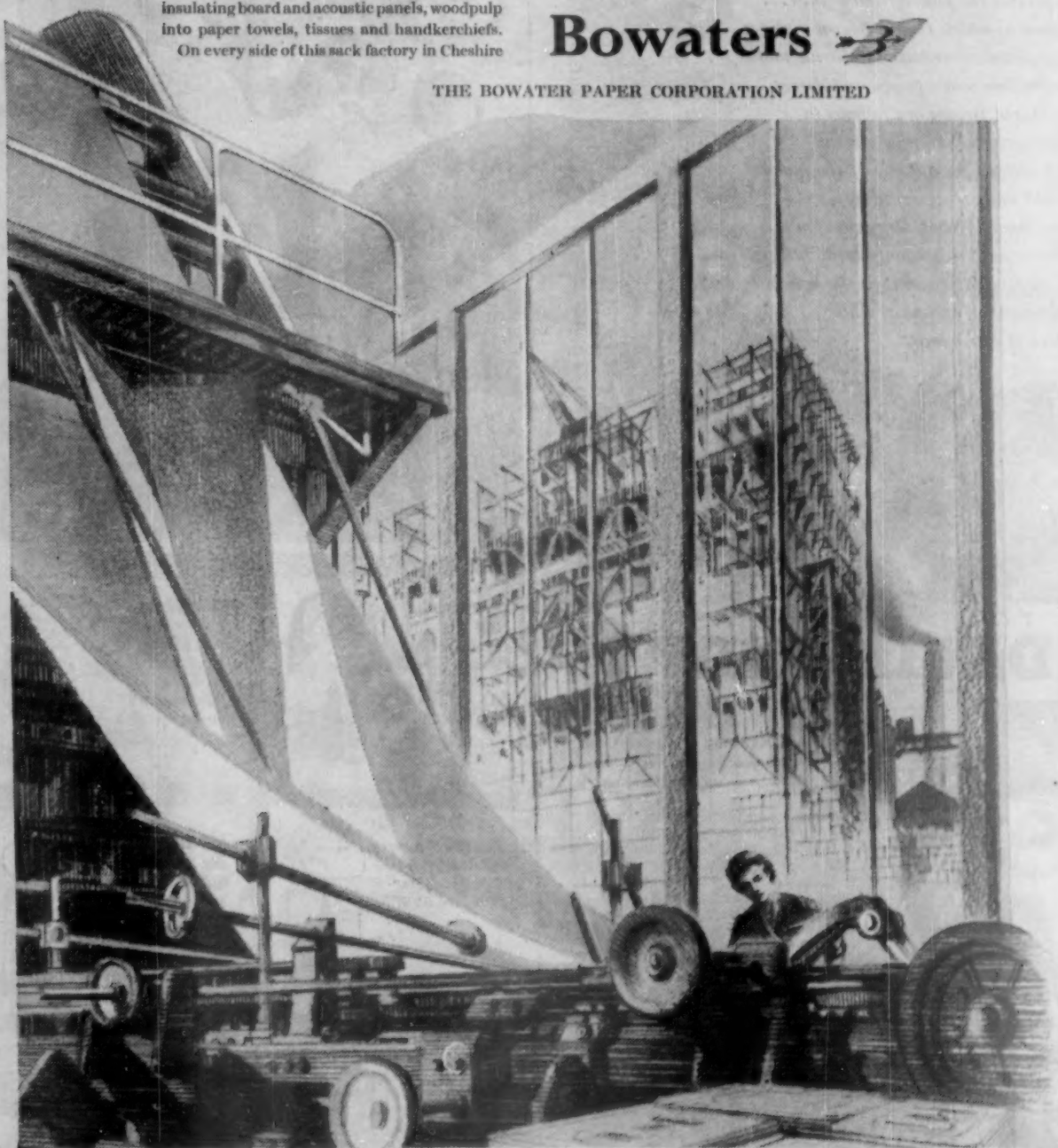
On every side of this sack factory in Cheshire

the Bowater policy of diversification can be seen in action. Here, the ground is being surveyed for a new board mill. There, the foundations of another container factory are being laid. And nearby, new pulping equipment will soon come into operation to feed the mills' great paper machines.

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SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE AND SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

discuss the merits of a FINE whisky.

'We were asked, Bruce, to give our opinion on whisky today. We have both written books about it: you even have whisky ancestors!'

'They came from the same part as this excellent whisky we are now drinking.'

'What do you like about this whisky?'

'Well, it is made of good stuff, it is 'out of the soil', it has been made for generations, and it takes a long, long time to bring this to such perfection.'

'You told me once' *Sir Compton went on* 'that a fine whisky was something artistic. Did you

mean the skill that goes into it? Because that must come from the people Grants employ.'

'It does. I believe it is in their blood: they have got it there in the Highlands: they have got the skill and the feel for it. The story of Grants is a wonderful story.'

'Incidentally, Bruce, do you know this whisky as GRANTS OF STAND FAST?'

'Stand Fast is known all over the world. I once wrote a 'purple passage' about it, and I think at the time I said Grants stand fast all over the world, just as their whisky does.'

*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

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OUT OF FOCUS TV STAR

becomes a
"regular" vision

Poor, pretty Lois. Once she stole all the limelight on those TV panel games. Now she looks about ready to go on another panel—her doctor's. "Heigh ho," I said, "and how is life behind the screens?"

"Dim," mourned Lois. "I've been dropped from the team. They say I'm not bright enough to make a cathode glow. But if a girl has all the tummy trouble I get, do you wonder the tube goes black on her?"

"Not with a tube like yours," I said. "Recap., please," pleaded Lois. "I missed something."

"Certainly," I said. "The tube I'm talking about is 30 feet long, and it's inside you. All your meals have to go through it, and you have intestinal muscles to keep them moving. But sometimes," I said, "if you eat a lot of soft, starchy food, those muscles lose their grip."

"Mercy me!" said Lois. "What happens then?"

"A technical hitch," I said. "Your main transmitter's out of action. The next programme will be on constipation. And normal service will not be resumed," I said, "until you give bulk a look-in."

"Bulk?" quizzed Lois. "Give me a clue. How many words on the card?"

"Three," I said. "Kellogg's All-Bran. Just you have a little of this very pleasant breakfast food every morning, and



your system will get all the bulk it needs to keep it "regular."

★

At this point Lois faded herself out, and it was some time before I saw her again—looking like the answer to a sixty-four million dollar question. "Whew," I whistled. "Oughtn't you to be fitted with a suppressor?"

"I certainly feel fine," bubbled Lois. "It's that wonderful All-Bran you told me about. Made me 'regular' in a matter of days. Everyone ought to eat this—"

"Ssh," I said. "No advertising."

★

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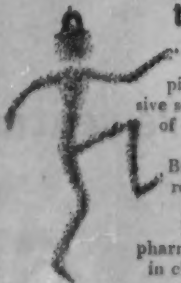
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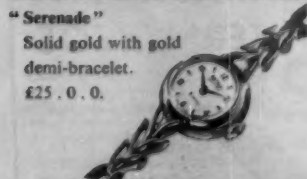
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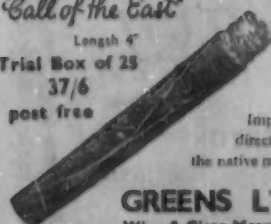


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Length 4"
Trial Box of 25
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There are thousands of persons in London—children too—who cannot see... **THEY ARE BLIND.** But they can be helped along the road to independence and self-reliant happiness by education, vocational training, and other aids. You can help by sending a donation or by remembering in your will the

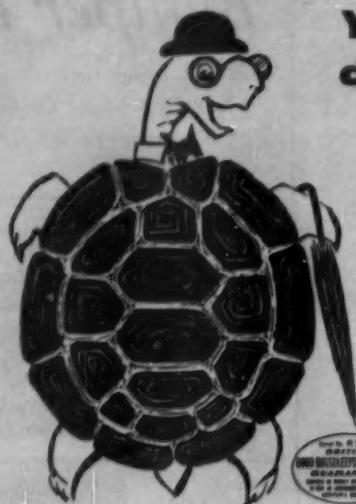


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Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948

Patron: H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

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**YES.. I used to
dread winter
Too....**

Warmbed Electric Blankets provide magnificently for creature comforts! A Warmbed Electric Blanket is a pure joy—100% Pure Wool, made by a firm who adhere to the highest standards of workmanship and have been producing first-class Electric Blankets for over 25 years. You can depend on a Warmbed for practically a life time of cosy night-times and to end the menace of unaired beds.



In Moneysuckle, Portwinkle Blue, Pink or Willow Green. Double £12. 13. 0., Single £8. 15. 2., Junior £4. 17. 4., Inc. P.T.

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Truly an Imperial Lather!

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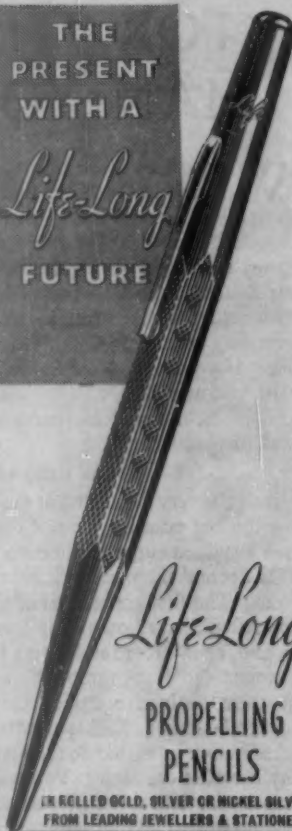


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IN ROLLED GOLD, SILVER OR NICKEL SILVER
FROM LEADING JEWELLERS & STATIONERS

Ask your
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This fine British Cigar, introduced many years ago, is more popular than ever today.

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Delicate aroma and
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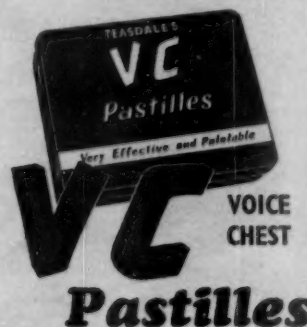
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To Her Majesty the Queen
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DECEMBER

BEST WISHES

The man who introduced Penny Post to England, Sir Rowland Hill, was born in the first week of December, 1795. There is no Penny Post now, but, as Christmas approaches, the nearest remaining approximation to bulk Penny Post for private individuals comes into its own. Christmas Cards, in envelopes unlicked and unsealed (so that the Postmaster-General can see whether we have cheated by including a handwritten "Love from the budgerigar as well!")—Christmas Cards go Printed Paper Rate for 1½d. The season of goodwill starts officially this month (though we ought to have sent off those parcels to our friends in the Pacific . . . oh, weeks ago). Have we remembered to buy Christmas Cards yet? Is it to be robins in the snow, cats playing fiddles or The Family at Frinton? Printers' giant rotaries are whirring day and night even now, trying to catch up with private orders from improvident people and, especially, firms. Envelopes too. There is no ordinary envelope known to science that blissfully allows its flap to be folded inside. But if we had to lick the envelope flaps as well as the stamps for all our Christmas Cards, the gummy taste on the tongue would last till turkey-time. Post early for Christmas.



The Midland Bank likes to share in the cheerfulness of the season (to say nothing of the virtuous feelings). It therefore takes this early opportunity to send its good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all its many thousands of customers everywhere.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Guinea Grain



A splendid example of Barling genius, that combines comfort and cool smoking. The special mouthpiece and overall light weight provide the comfort; the sturdy, mellow briar bowl keeps your smoke from getting too hot.

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ROSS'S Belfast Soda Water

For the connoisseur, the touch of perfection

Bronnley
FINE SOAPS AND
TOILET PREPARATIONS



**Bronnley for
Christmas**

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.
LONDON, W.1.



*The loveliest
gift of all*

Say it with Flowers this
Christmas

This year, give beautiful fresh flowers or choice growing house plants to say to your friends at home and overseas 'Happy Christmas'. Such a delightful, thoughtful gift is always appreciated, and the flowers always arrive garden-fresh, via members of Interflora. It costs so little. For orders delivered in Great Britain or sterling areas the Interflora service charge is 1/-, elsewhere 2/-.

INTERFLORA

The World-Wide FLOWER RELAY SERVICE



**DOES THIS
REALLY AMUSE
YOU?**



The lordly lion, born to roam in freedom, knows fire as his natural enemy. He is forced, by fear of the whip or by hunger, to spend long years of rigid training to jump through a flaming hoop. This practice, usually carried out abroad by trainers outside the reach of British law, prepares him and hundreds like him to amuse paying audiences and to face a lifetime of cramped living. Please—will you send a donation to help the R.S.P.C.A. intensify its efforts to prevent the tormenting of performing animals? Or will you display a collecting box? Gifts for sale, donations and legacies are gladly received. Please write to The Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. (Dept. P.), 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

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MAKES HOMEWORK EASY!**



An Ideal Christmas Gift

Thousands sold and every customer completely satisfied. Table top size 30" wide x 19", made of sheet steel, covered with beige felt, non-skid surface. Channels are provided for pens; also non-burn ash-trays. The telescopic leg, fitted with plastic foot, can be locked in any position between 20 ins. and its full extension of 33 ins. A first-class job beautifully finished. A "must" for students, invalids and all who take work home.

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And the little iron at top left! A TILLEY Paraffin Pressure Iron of course and only 72/6d. (P.T. extra) Complete heat control. Cannot spill.

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It's plain to see
this boy is bright
He's brought home
Osram lamps all right



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the Creamiest CHEESE SPREAD
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Famous all over the world!

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CHRISTMAS FARE!

Have you got everything?

Sure? Turkey! Ham! Pudding!
and don't forget the family's special
favourite—"green label" chutney.
You'll never be forgiven if you can't
get it now. Hope you've not left it
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OUTGLASSES ALL SWEET PICKLES!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
Superior of Quality
And Value Every Bottle
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MUMM'S
THE
WORD!

Cordon Rouge

The très sec Champagne

Your Nerves - how they affect your life



According to a recent medical survey, more than one out of every five persons who visit the doctor for treatment are suffering from symptoms of *nervous stress*. These may take a variety of forms, from constant fatigue and anxiety, to depression and insomnia. Yet, basically, the cause is the same. When, after careful examination, the doctor finds no evidence of organic disease, he will usually diagnose "nervous exhaustion".

The cause of "nerves"

It's not just the "highly-strung" person who is prone to "nerves". Even an apparently placid person, at some time or other, experiences periods of nervous tension. When this happens, an exceptionally high demand is made on nervous energy, which in turn, reacts on the nerve cells. Now the efficient working of



your nervous system depends upon the activity of these nerve cells. Unless they receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", retarding the normal growth of nervous tissue. To restore their health, they must be replenished with supplies of these two vital substances.

How Sanatogen can help

Nervous tissue is the most delicate of all the body tissues, and is most liable to suffer from

a deficient supply of essential nutrient elements. Of these, protein and phosphorus are of outstanding importance.

Sanatogen supplies large amounts of protein together with essential phosphorus. By its vigorous tonic action, Sanatogen helps to promote normal cell growth and build up a strong, stable nervous system. As a result, nervous tension disappears.

Medically recommended

Sanatogen is recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad.

For all forms of "nerves"

Worry To worry continually is neither normal nor healthy, and can usually be traced to some nervous disturbance. If, then, you seem to worry more than other people, it is more than likely that your "nerves" are to blame.

"Always Tired" Everyone feels tired sometimes. But to suffer continuously from a lack of energy and general lassitude can well mean that your "nerves" are the trouble.

Depression Your whole outlook is profoundly influenced by your nervous mechanism. If you are subject to constant depression and worry, it is probably a sign that your "nerves" are at fault.

Irritability In nearly every case of normally healthy people becoming irritable and bad-tempered, the trouble can be traced to "nerves".

In Convalescence Physical weakness is often accompanied by symptoms of nervous tension which can seriously retard recovery. Medical evidence has shown that Sanatogen is of particular benefit to the convalescent patient.

Sanatogen

STRENGTHENS
YOUR NERVES

The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Glaxo Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

'Viyella' Longsox 7/11

Self-supporting.
Nylon-spliced
at toes and heels.
Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
comfort.



Viyella

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Nylon for
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Ankle-length.
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Refreshingly cool
for sub-tropical
wear.



of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE



Glynis Johns is giving her father, Mervyn Johns, a Parker '51' for Christmas

GLYNIS JOHNS began her career in the traditional way—being carried on to the stage as a babe in arms. Since then, her great talent—and the constant encouragement of her famous father, Mervyn Johns—have taken her from success to success. In 1954 she was voted top woman star in the Box Office Popularity Poll. She is now appearing in the Boulting Brothers production, "Josephine and Men." This Christmas Glynis Johns is giving her father a Parker '51' with Rolled Gold Cap.



NOW MORE THAN EVER, A GRACIOUS COMPLIMENT

Rare, costly nib-point . . . exclusive electro-polishing process

The elegant simplicity of the new Parker '51,' its distinction and graceful proportions—these are as universally admired as its fine workmanship. And now, in its latest form, it is a gift more coveted than ever—a yet more gracious compliment.

For instance, the nib-point is now made of an entirely new material—an alloy of two rare and costly metals, Platinum and Ruthenium. It is our own creation—we call it Plathenium.

On to the tip of every Parker '51' nib is welded a tiny pellet of Plathenium, polished more highly than is possible with any other nib-point material; and polished, too, by our own exclusive electro-

polishing process. It's so wear-resistant that years of writing cannot alter it; the nib that writes so smoothly today will write just as smoothly, with just the width of line you like, for many years to come.

For that very special occasion, consider this latest Parker '51' with the Rolled Gold Cap. It's a very special gift.

Choice of 4 colours and 8 different nib grades. (Rolled Gold Cap) 105/-. (Rolled Silver Cap) 93/4. (Lustraloy Cap) 82/3.

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

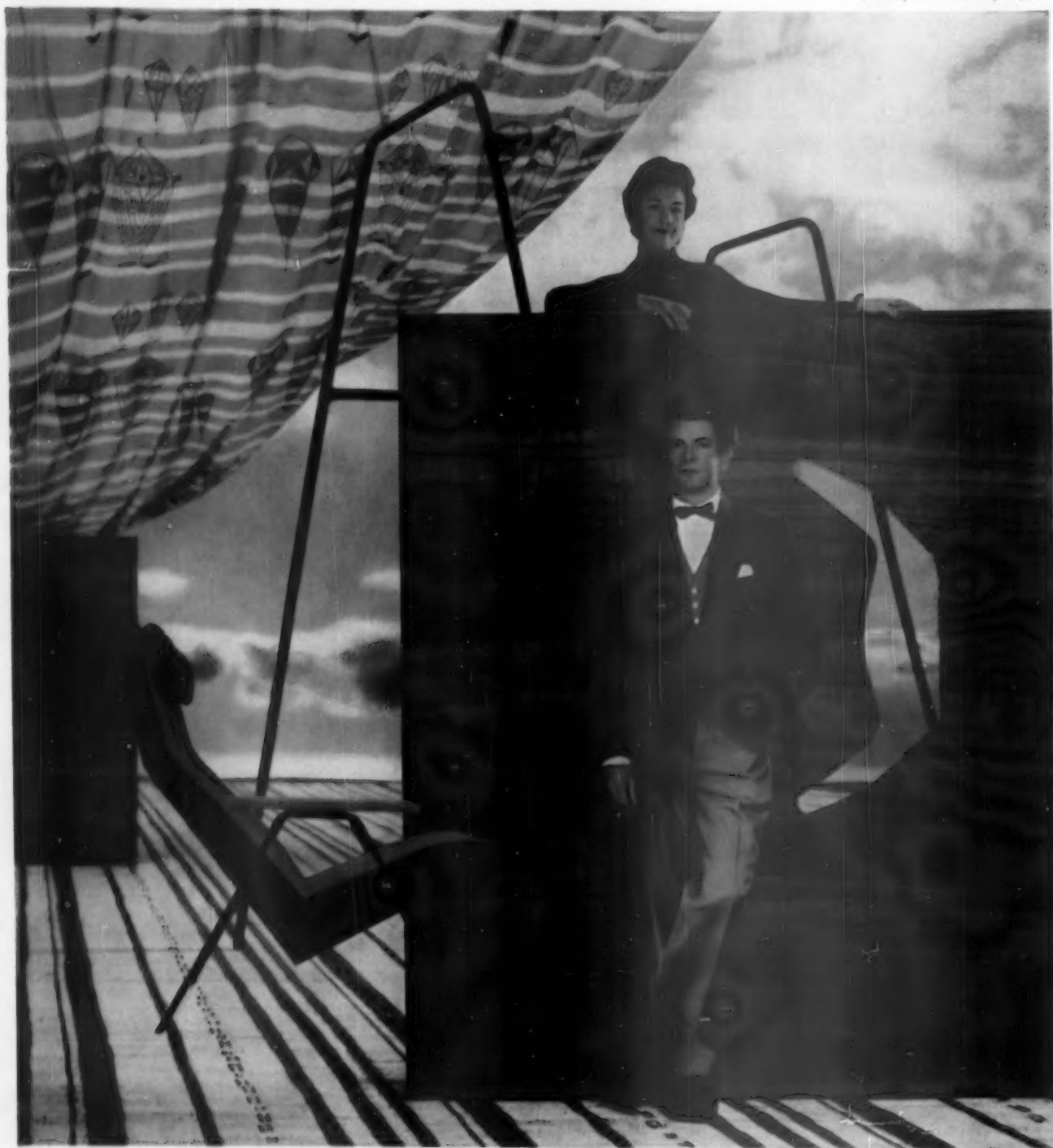
NOW—The '51' Ballpoint to match the '51' pen

The famous '51' pen is now available with the new, matching '51' Ballpoint. With precision-made elegance and five times the usual writing capacity, this Ballpoint could only have been made by Parker. The '51' pen is also available with matching, continuous-feed pencil.

'51' Pen with Ballpoint or Pencil	
ROLLED GOLD CAPS	£7.18.6
Ballpoint or pencil alone	52/6
ROLLED SILVER CAPS	£7. 1.0
Ballpoint or pencil alone	46/8
LUSTRALOY CAPS	£6. 4.0
Ballpoint or pencil alone	40/10
Other famous Parker pens: Senior	
Duofold - 43/-	New Duofold - 37/11
Victory 30/11	Slimfold - 23/11
Pencil to match all these 20/5	



The prices quoted are pre Autumn budget and subject to increased Purchase Tax.



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In two strengths 65.5° and 80° proof, 34/- and 40/- a bottle.





"Nice cardigan, Philip. What make is it?"

"Coxmoore. I'm told Coxmoore specialise in cardigans and other knitted things for men only. That's probably why they look, and feel, just right."

**The best men's shops are
proud to be identified with**

Coxmoore

SUPERB SWEATERS AND SOCKS

Coxmoore cardigans and sweaters are still rather scarce, so if you have any difficulty in finding what you want, please write to:
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By Appointment to
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A Christmas Box for your ATCO

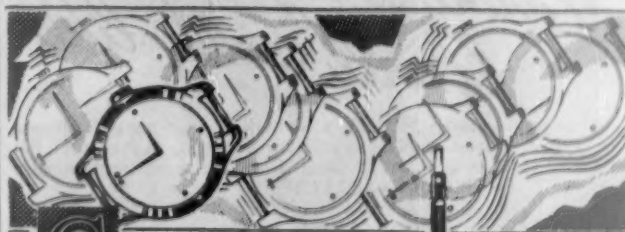
Behind the perfection of the lawns on which you lazed last summer lay the performance of your Atco. Atcos serve their owners well; making mowing a recreation instead of a fatigue.

Now it's your mower's turn for attention. The unique network of Atco service branches was created to provide factory maintenance facilities for owners everywhere. Now is the time, when the branches are less busy than they will be in the spring. Get in touch with your branch manager today—if you wish, through your supplier.

ATCO Supremacy is based on Service

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In one of CYMA's factories a CYMA watch has been tested with as many as two million blows—equal to 100 falls daily from table to floor for 50 years—and yet the movement remained completely undamaged, its delicate balance staff protected by the efficient, flexible CYMAflex Anti-Shock device.

This is just one of the features which makes CYMA one of the world's finest watches.

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ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex
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She is uncertain, coy
and hard to squeeze

For those on whom Venus shines with but a shaded light, the constellation Courvoisier points to star-lit progress.

You will master-mind the impasse with verve and in tones that will not be gainsaid you order the Cognac Brandy of Courvoisier. Three Star with soda foretells the approach dashing, irresistible: a V.S.O.P. liqueur reveals you as calm,

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★ ★ ★
You will find this technique invaluable when you meet her father.



COURVOISIER

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The Brandy of Napoleon

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*"I want to buy a pipe
he will really like"*

Then you can safely give him a BYFORD Briar, not only because it is unquestionably one of the finest pipes in the world, but also because it is fitted with the new, revolutionary CAPILLARY COLLECTOR.



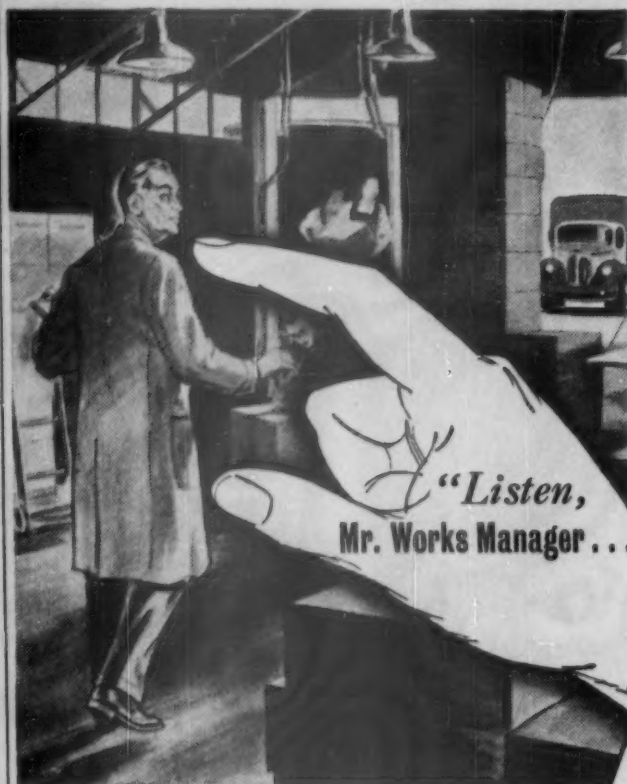
This ensures:—

A COOL SMOKE, because vapours and hot gases are condensed.

A SAFE SMOKE, because the moisture carries away with it a high proportion of the nicotine and harmful tars. Make him—and yourself—happy with a Byford Briar. In its handsome leather or silk pouch and attractive gift carton, it costs from £3 to £5. Choose one at any leading store.



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... have you ever thought of getting that work done in a fraction of the time, with fork-lift trucks?"

"What — and have the expense of skilled operation and maintenance? Not to mention the noise, and smell... no thank you!"

"Half a minute! There's no noise or smell with a battery-truck. And anyone can drive it. There's practically nothing to learn."

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"Not if they're Oldham. With an Oldham battery, you're all right for years of hard service — and all the power you want, all the time!"

"Sounds worth looking into."

"Well worth it! But don't forget — the name is Oldham."

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The popular tube is a handy way of buying Brylcreem and is particularly convenient for travelling. Like the famous Brylcreem tubs, it is available everywhere to give you all your hair needs wherever you are. A touch of Brylcreem every morning will keep your hair lustrous all day long—and keep the scalp healthy, too. Remember to massage Brylcreem in your hair—and remember the advantages of the handy Brylcreem tube, price 2/10. Tubs are 5/-, 2/10 & 1/10½.



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the healthy hairdressing

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**'Pink Plymouth
please'**

and earn the respect of all who appreciate that REAL pink gin should be prepared with PLYMOUTH GIN.

Whenever, wherever, however, you drink gin, you strike a shrewd blow for old-time standards when you call for

PLYMOUTH GIN

BOTTLE 34/6 · HALF BOTTLE 18/- · QTR. BOTTLE 9/5 · MINIATURE 3/8 · U.K. ONLY



*Quick!
my pipe!*



FOUR SQUARE

is back to pre-war quality!

If you once smoked Four Square, you'll know just what *that* means! If you haven't—or if you're just taking to a pipe—what a treat in store! Six blends to choose from—and one is just right for you! Try a tin to-day—of the finest tobacco in the world!

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VACUUM PACKED in 1 oz. and 2 oz. TINS



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it's an Anglepoise!

Lucky man, with his Anglepoise! Clean light from any angle at a finger touch doubles reading's delight, makes writing a pleasure. He'll be lucky, too, if he can keep it from Her—with her knitting, needlework or dressmaking.

Anglepoise needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb and can be seen at any store or electrician's. It costs from 97/7 in Black, Cream or Cream-and-Gold. Or you can send for Booklet 7.

*** Terry Anglepoise is the cleverest lamp**

Sole Makers: Herbert Terry & Sons Ltd., Redditch, Worcs
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If you were to ask Freddie Mills



...or Leslie Mitchell



...or



Henry Hall...they'd tell you

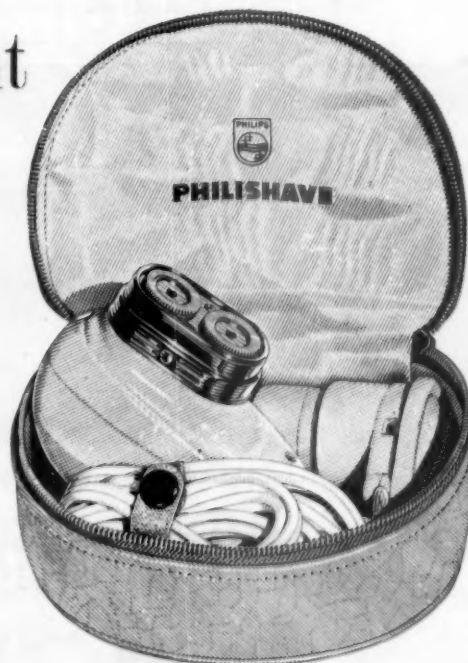
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PHILIPS PHILISHAVE

— the dry shaver with *Rotary Action*

Ask any 'Philishave' user, they'll all tell you the same: there's nothing like the 'Philishave' for close shaving in comfort! For the 'Philishave' is the dry shaver with Rotary Action—twelve swiftly rotating blades that shave every hair *right down at skin-level*. No clipping or pulling, no after-shave soreness. Be clever this Christmas... give him the present he'd choose for himself—the plug-in-anywhere, close-shaving 'Philishave'!



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(tax paid) Complete with case, 110/130 and 200/250v. A.C./D.C., or from a 120v. dry battery



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